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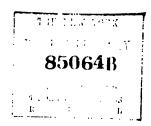
POETICAL FAVORITES

A SELECTION FROM THE BEST MINOR POEMS
OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

By Asahel C. Kendrick

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EVIS



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PREFACE.

THE purpose of this volume is suggested by its title. It is not intended to be a repository of waifs and estrays, nor again a thesaurus of minor English poetry; but simply to bring together in a single, convenient, and attractive volume as many as possible of those lesser poems, secular and sacred, in our language, with which the lover of poetry is, or would gladly become, conversant. A large number of the pieces are therefore the familiar household poems of the language; others, not a few, are of rarer occurrence, and some will probably greet most readers for the first time. compiler has come near to exhausting the class of pieces to which the volume is dedicated, that he has always made the best selections, or that any lover of poetry will not look in it in vain for some of his special favorites, he does not for a moment flatter himself. A work of triple the size would be inadequate to exhaust the rich treasures in this department of English literature. Many fine pieces have been reluctantly excluded. Some excellent authors he has left unrepresented; but it is his comfort, as it will be theirs, that they are not dependent on this volume for either their fame or their usefulness.

The editor has endeavored to secure a correct text of the poems given, but could not always assure himself of perfect accuracy. In some instances a Babel of different readings has thrown him back upon his discretion. The poems are nearly all given entire, although his plan allowed in this

respect a little latitude. A very few extracts indicate themselves; two pieces are starred to mark the lacunæ; and in two or three the omissions are not indicated. Quarles' fine poem on delight in "God," drops off two or three closing stanzas, and a few charming stanzas are taken from Owen Meredith's "Love-letter," which seemed too long for entire insertion. As to the character of the pieces, while the editor could not of course be responsible for every sentiment admitted, he has felt bound to exclude alike what was vitally erroneous in teaching, or irreverent in spirit. Some otherwise admirable pieces have yielded to the application of this same principle. The purpose of the book has not seemed to require, or even admit, any very rigid classification of its contents. Harmony of general tone has been studiously consulted, and in some instances the grouping of pieces by similarity of subject has been carried further than was originally contemplated.

The editor submits his work cheerfully, though not with unqualified pleasure, to the poetry-loving public. Aware that he has failed to realize his ideal, he yet knows that most of the contents of this volume have ministered, and will yet minister, to the delight of thousands. Poetry is a powerful educator.

The "vision and the faculty divine" are God's rich gift to the few for the culture and enjoyment of the many. Pity that he possessors of this enviable gift are so rarely sensible of its high responsibility! But none can contemplate the rich mantle of material beauty with which God has invested the universe, or that still deeper fountain of beauty that wells up in the human soul, and unites in the sacred trio of "the True, the Good, and the Beautiful," and then disparage either the inspirations of song, or even the humble function of him who judiciously aids in their wider diffusion.

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THE POEMS IN THIS VOLUME, SELECTED FROM WORKS PUBLISHED
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OUR POETICAL FAVORITES.

The Voiceless.

Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy fame is proud to win them;
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story;
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
O'er nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save-whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses!
If singing breath or echoing cord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!
OLIVER W. HOLMES.

The Songs of Our Fathers.

"Sing aloud
Old songs, the precious music of the heart."

SING them upon the sunny hills,
When days are long and bright,
And the blue gleam of shining rills
Is loveliest to the sight.
Sing them along the misty moor,
Where ancient hunters roved;
And swell them through the torrent's roar—
The songs our fathers loved.

The songs their souls rejoiced to hear,
When harps were in the hall,
And each proud note made lance and spear
Thrill on the bannered wall;
The songs that through our valleys green,
Sent on from age to age,
Like his own river's voice, have been
The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
Is filled with plumy sheaves;
The woodman, by the starlight pale
Cheered homeward through the leaves:
And unto them the glancing oars
A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be !—a light they shed
O'er each old fount and grove,
A memory of the gentle dead,
A lingering spell of love.

Murmuring the names of mighty men, They bid our streams roll on; And link high thoughts to every glen Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
When evening fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
And on the hills of deer:
So shall each unforgotten word,
When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the heart which once it stirred
To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
Shall whisper in the strain;
The voices of their household band
Shall sweetly speak again;
The heathery heights in vision rise,
Where like the stag they roved;
Sing to your sons those melodies,
The songs your fathers loved.

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

The Day is Done.

THE day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wing of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village Gleam through the rain and the mist; And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me, That my soul cannot resist;

OUR POETICAL FAVORITES.

A feeling of sadness and longing, That is not akin to pain, And resembles sorrow only As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters, Not from the bards sublime, Whose distant footsteps echo Through the corridors of time.

For, like strains of martial music, Their mighty thoughts suggest Life's endless toil and endeavor; And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who, through long days of labor, And nights devoid of ease, Still heard in his soul the music Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice;
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music, And the cares that infest the day Shall fold their tents like the Arabs, And as silently steal away.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The Splendor Falls.

THE splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going;
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love! they die on yon rich sky;

They faint on hill, or field, or river;

Our echoes roll from soul to soul,

And grow forever and forever.

Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;

And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Song of the Stars.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,

And orbs of beauty and spheres of flame, From the void abyss by myriads came,—
In the joy of youth as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voice in chorus rang,
And this was the song the bright ones sang:

"Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,
The fair, blue fields that before us lie,—
Each sun, with the worlds that round him roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole;
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

"For the source of glory uncovers his face, And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space; And we drink as we go the luminous tides In our ruddy air and our blooming sides: Lo! yonder the living splendors play; Away, on our joyous path, away!

"Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite azure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

"And see, where the brighter day-beams pour, How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower; And the morn and eve, with their pomp of hues, Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews; And 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground, With her shadowy cone the night goes round!

"Away, away! in our blossoming bowers, In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours, In the seas and fountains that shine with morn, See, Love is brooding, and Life is born; And breathing myriads are breaking from night, To rejoice, like us, in motion and light."

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years!
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the furthest wall of the firmament,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow your lamps are dim!
WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

The Cloud.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers, From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain;
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder;
It struggles and howls at fits.

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,

This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,

Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,

The Spirit he loves remains;

And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,

Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead.
As, on the jag of a mountain crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle, alit, one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbéd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer:
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,

When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,

Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,

Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,

Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch, through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The sphere-fire above, its soft colors wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when, with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air—
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and upbuild it again.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Northern Lights.

To claim the Arctic came the sun
With banners of the burning zone;
Unrolled upon their airy spars,
They froze beneath the light of stars;
And there they float, those streamers old,
Those Northern Lights, forever cold!
BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

To the Skylark.

H AIL to thee, blithe spirit!—
Bird thou never wert,—
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale, purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;—
What is most like thee?
From rainbow-clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden,
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour

With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue

Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,—
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine,
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,

Thou of death must deem

Things more true and deep

Than we mortals dream;

Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought,

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound;
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness

That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness

From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

To the Cuckoo.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green, Thy certain voice we hear. Hast thou a star to guide thy path, Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom, Thou fliest thy vocal vale, An annual guest in other lands, Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green, Thy sky is ever clear; Thou hast no sorrow in thy song, No winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee ! We'd make, with joyful wing, Our annual visit o'er the globe, Attendants on the Spring.

JOHN LOGAN.

The Ocean.

L IKENESS of heaven!

Agent of power!

Man is thy victim,

Shipwrecks thy dower!

Spices and jewels

From valley and sea,

Armies and banners,

Are buried in thee!

What are the riches
Of Mexico's mines
To the wealth that far down
In thy deep water shines?
The proud navies that cover
The conquering West—
Thou fling'st them to death
With one heave of thy breast.

From the high hills that vizor
Thy wreck-making shore,—
When the bride of the mariner
Shrieks at thy roar,
When, like lambs in the tempest
Or mews in the blast,
O'er thy ridge-broken billows
The canvas is cast,—

How humbling to one
With a heart and a soul,
To look on thy greatness,
And list to thy roll;
And to think how that heart
In cold ashes shall be,
While the voice of eternity
Rises from thee!

Yes! where are the cities
Of Thebes and of Tyre?—
Swept from the nations,
Like sparks from the fire!
The glory of Athens,
The splendor of Rome,
Dissolved—and forever—
Like dew in thy foam!

But thou art almighty—
Eternal—sublime—
Unweakened—unwasted—
Twin-brother of Time!
Fleets, tempests, nor nations
Thy glory can bow;
As the stars first beheld thee,
Still chainless art thou!

But hold! when thy surges

No longer shall roll,

And that firmament's length
Is drawn back like ascroll;

Then—then shall the spirit
That sighs by thee now,

Be more mighty, more lasting,

More chainless than thou!

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

The Beautiful River.

Like a foundling in slumber, the summer-day lay
On the crimsoning threshold of even,
And I thought that the glow through the azure-arched way
Was a glimpse of the coming of Heaven.

There together we sat by the beautiful stream;
We had nothing to do but to love and to dream,
In the days that have gone on before.
These are not the same days, though they bear the same name.

With the ones I shall welcome no more.

But it may be that angels are calling them o'er,
For a Sabbath and summer forever,
When the years shall forget the Decembers they wore,
And the shroud shall be woven, no never!
In a twilight like that, Jennie June for a bride,
Oh! what more of the world could one wish for beside,
As we gazed on the river unrolled,
Till we heard, or we fancied its musical tide,
When it flowed through the gateway of gold!

"Jennie June," then I said, "let us linger no more
On the banks of the beautiful river;
Let the boat be unmoored, and be muffled the oar,
And we'll steal into heaven together.
If the angel on duty our coming descries,
You have nothing to do but throw off the disguise
That you wore while you wandered with me,
And the sentry shall say, 'Welcome back to the skies,
We long have been waiting for thee.'"

Oh! how sweetly she spoke, ere she uttered a word, With that blush, partly hers, partly even's, And a tone, like the dream of a song we once heard, As she whispered, "This way is not heaven's: For the River that runs by the realm of the blest, Has no song on its ripple, no star on its breast; Oh! that river is nothing like this, For it glides on in shadow beyond the world's west, Till it breaks into beauty and bliss."

I am lingering yet, but I linger alone,
On the banks of the beautiful river;
'Tis the twin of that day, but the wave where it shone Bears the willow-tree's shadow forever.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Rhymes of the River.

River far-flowing,
How broad thou art growing!
And the sentinel headlands wait grimly for thee;
And Euroclydon urges
The bold-riding surges
That in white-crested lines gallop in from the sea!

O bright-hearted river,
With crystalline quiver,
Like a sword from its scabbard, far-flashing abroad!
And I think, as I gaze
On the tremulous blaze,
That thou surely wert drawn by an angel of God!

Through the black heart of night,
Leaping out to the light,
Thou art reeking with sunset, and dyed with the dawn;
Cleft the emerald sod—
Cleft the mountains of God—
And the shadows of roses yet rusted thereon!

Where willows are weeping,
Where shadows are sleeping,
Where the frown of the mountain lies dark on thy crest;
Arcturus now shining,
Arbutus now twining,
And "my castles in Spain" gleaming down in thy breast;

Then disastered and dim,
Swinging sullen and grim,
Where the old ragged shadows of hovels are shed;
Creeping in, creeping out,
As in dream, or in doubt,
In the reeds and the rushes slow rocking the dead.

When all crimson and gold,
Slowly home to the fold
Do the fleecy clouds flock to the gateway of even,
Then, no longer brook-born,
But a way paved with morn,
Ay, a bright golden street to the city of Heaven!

In the great stony heart
Of the feverish mart,
Is the throb of thy pulses pellucid, to-day;
By gray mossy ledges,
By green velvet edges,
Where the corn waves its sabre, thou glidest away.

Broad and brave, deep and strong,
Thou art lapsing along;
And the stars rise and fall in thy turbulent tide,
As light as the drifted
White swan's breast is lifted,
Or a June fleet of lilies at anchor may ride.

And yet, gallant river,
On-flashing forever,
That hast cleft the broad world on thy way to the main,
I would part from thee here,
With a smile and a tear,
And a Hebrew, read back to thy fountains again.

Ah, well I remember,
Ere dying December
Would fall like a snow-flake, and melt on thy breast,
O'er thy waters so narrow
The little brown sparrow
Used to send his low song to his mate on the nest.

With a silvery skein

Wove of snow and of rain,

Thou didst wander at will through the bud-laden land,—

All the air a sweet psalm,

And the meadow a palm,—

As a blue vein meanders a liberal hand.

When the school-master's daughter
With her hands scooped the water,
And laughingly proffered the crystal to me,
O, there ne'er sparkled up
A more exquisite cup
Than the pair of white hands that were brimming with thee!

And there all together,
In bright summer weather,
Did we loiter with thee, along thy green brink;
And how silent we grew,
If the robin came too,
When he looked up to pray, and then bent down to drink!

Ah, where are the faces,
From out thy still places,
That so often smiled back in those soft days of May?
As we bent hand in hand,
Thou didst double the band,
As idle as daisies—and fleeting as they!

Like the dawn in the cloud,
Lay the babe in its shroud,
And a rose-bud was clasped in its frozen white hand: —
At the mother's last look
It had opened the book,
As if sweet-breathing June were abroad in the land!

O pure placid river,
Make music forever
In the Gardens of Paradise, hard by the throne!
For on thy far shore,
Gently drifted before,
We may find the lost blossoms that once were our own.

Ah, beautiful river,
Flow onward forever!
Thou art grander than Avon, and sweeter than Ayr;
If a tree has been shaken,
If a star has been taken,
In thy bosom we look—bud and Pleiad are there!

I take up the old words,
Like the song of dead birds,
That were breathed when I stood farther off from the sea:
When I heard not its hymn,
When the headlands were dim:—
Shall I ever again weave a rhythm for thee?

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

Morning Hymn to Mont Blanc.

AST thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course?—so long he seems to pause
On thy bald, awful head, O sovereign Blanc!
The Arvè and Aveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above
Deep is the air and dark,—substantial black,—
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!

O dread and silent Mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought: entranced in prayer
I worshipped the Invisible alone.
Yet like some sweet, beguiling melody,
So sweet we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thoughts,
Yea, with my life, and life's own secret joy,—
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there
As in her natural form, swelled vast to Heaven,

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest—not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks, and secret ecstasy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! Awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs all join my hymn.
Thou first and chief, sole sovereign of the vale!
Oh! struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink:
Companion of the morning-star at dawn,
Thyself, earth's rosy star, and of the dawn

Co-herald! wake, oh wake! and utter praise. Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth? Who filled thy countenance with rosy light? Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad! Who called you forth from night and utter death, From dark and icy caverns called you forth, Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks, Forever shattered and the same forever? Who gave you your invulnerable life, Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy, Unceasing thunder and eternal foam? And who commanded—and the silence came—"Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?"

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!—
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
"God!" let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice-plains echo, "God!"

"God!" sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice, Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds! And they, too, have a voice, yon piles of snow, And in their perilous fall shall thunder, "God!" Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost! Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest! Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain-storm! Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds! Ye signs and wonders of the elements!

Utter forth "God!" and fill the hills with praise!

Once more, hoar Mount! with thy sky-pointing peak. Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard, Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene. Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast,— Thou, too, again, stupendous Mountain! thou, That, as I raise my head, awhile bowed low In adoration, upward from thy base Slow-traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears. Solemnly seemest, like a vapory cloud. To rise before me-rise, oh ever rise, Rise, like a cloud of incense, from the earth! Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills, Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven. Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent sky, And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun, Earth, with her thousand voices, praises GOD! SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

The Beacon.

THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
Than if day in its pride had arrayed it;
The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
Looked pure as the Spirit that made it.

The murmur rose soft as I silently gazed
On the shadowy wave's playful motion,
From the dim distant isle till the beacon-fire blazed,
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

No longer the joy of the sailor boy's breast Was heard in his wildly breathed numbers; The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest, And the fisherman sunk to his slumbers. I sighed as I looked from the hill's gentle slope, All hushed was the billow's commotion; And I thought that the beacon looked lovely as Hope, That star of life's tremulous ocean.

The time is long past and the scene is afar; Yet, when my head rests on its pillow, Will memory often rekindle the star That blazed on the breast of the billow.

And in life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies, And death stills the heart's last emotion, O then may the Seraph of mercy arise, Like a star on eternity's ocean.

ANONYMOUS.

The First of March.

THE bud is in the bough, and the leaf is in the bud, And earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood, Which, warmed by summer's sun in the alembic of the vine, From her founts will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower, Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower; And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits, Unerringly proceed to their pre-appointed roots.

How awful is the thought of the wonders under ground, Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound; How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed, And the world's support depends on the shooting of a seed!

The summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinioned day
Is commissioned to remark whether Winter holds her sway;
Go back, thou dove of peace, with myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for
Spring.

Thou hast fanned the sleeping earth till her dreams are all of flowers,

And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers; The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves, And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave, > By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave; And the summer tribes that creep, or in air expand their wing,

Have started from their sleep at the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills, And the feathered race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills; And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee, O thou sunny first of March! be it dedicate to thee.

HORACE SMITH.

The Death of the Flowers.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows
brown and sere.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove the autumn leaves lie dead;

They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrubs the jay,

And from the wood-top calls the crow through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood

In brighter light, and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?

Alas! they all are in their graves; the gentle race of flowers

Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain

Calls not from out the gloomy earth the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died amid the summer
glow;

But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood, And the yellow sun-flower by the brook in autumn beauty stood.

Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,

And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade, and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home; When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,

The south wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side.
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forests cast the
leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief; Yet not unmeet it was that one like that young friend of ours, So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

She Walks in Beauty.

SHE walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes;
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

LORD BYRON.

Hymn of the Hebrew Maid.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Then rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh! when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams—
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, trump and horn.
But thou hast said, "The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, an humble thought,
Are mine accepted sacrifice."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

The Destruction of Sennacherib.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold; And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea, When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee. Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green, That host with their banners at sunset were seen; Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown, That host on the morrow lay withered and strewn.

For the Angel of death spread his wings on the blast, And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed; And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill, And their hearts but once heaved—and forever grew still

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide, But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride; And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf, And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale, With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail; And the tents were all silent, the banners alone, The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

LORD BYRON.

Song of the Captive Jews at Babylon.

GOD of the thunder! from whose cloudy seat
The fiery winds of desolation flow;
Father of vengeance! that with purple feet,
Like a full wine-press, tread'st the world below;
The embattled armies wait thy sign to slay,
Nor springs the beast of havoc on his prey,
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
Till Thou the guilty land hast sealed for woe.

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign
The billows of the proud their rage suppress;
Father of mercies! at one word of thine
An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness;
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
And pillar'd temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord;
The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate;
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian's sword;
E'en her foes wept to see her fallen state.
And heaps her ivory palaces became;
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame;
Her temples sank amid the smouldering flame;
For thou didst ride the tempest-cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall gleam,
And the sad city lift her crownless head;
And songs shall wake and dancing footsteps gleam
Where broods o'er fallen streets the silence of the dead.
The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
On Carmel's side our maidens gather flowers,
To strew at blushing eve their bridal bowers,
And angel feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves;
With fettered step we left our pleasant land,
Envying our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The stranger's bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
'Neath the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home;
He that went forth a tender yearling boy
Yct ere he die to Salem's streets shall come;
And Canaan's vines for us their fruits shall bear;
And Hermon's bees their honeyed stores prepare;
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
Where o'er the cherub-seated God full blazed the irradiate dome.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

The Parallel.

Lines written on reading an argument to prove that the Irish were descended from the Jews.

YES, sad one of Sion, if closely resembling,
In shame and in sorrow, thy withered-up heart—
If drinking deep, deep, of the same "cup of trembling,"—
Could make us thy children, our parent thou art.

Like thee doth our nation lie conquered and broken,
And fallen from her head is the once royal crown;
In her streets, in her halls, desolation hath spoken,
And "while it is day yet, her sun hath gone down."

Like thine doth her exile, 'mid dreams of returning,
Die far from the home it were life to behold;
Like thine do her sons, in the day of their mourning,
Remember the bright things that blessed them of old.

Ah, well may we call her, like thee, "the forsaken,"
Her boldest are vanquished, her proudest are slaves;
And the harps of her minstrels, when gayest they waken,
Have tones 'mid their mirth like the wind over graves!

Yet hadst thou thy vengeance—yet came there the morrow, That shines out, at last, on the longest dark night, When the scepter that smote thee with slavery and sorrow Was shivered at once, like a reed, in thy sight.

When that cup, which for others the proud golden city
Had brimmed full of bitterness, drenched her own lips;
And the world she had trampled on heard, without pity,
The howl in her halls, and the cry from her ships.

When the curse Heaven keeps for the haughty came over
Her merchants rapacious, her rulers unjust,
And a ruin, at last, for the earthworm to cover,
The Lady of kingdoms lay low in the dust.
THOMAS MOORE.

But Who Shall See?

BUT who shall see the glorious day When, throned on Zion's brow, The Lord shall rend that veil away Which hides the nations now? When earth no more beneath the fear Of his rebuke shall lie; When pain shall cease, and every tear Be wiped from every eye.

Then, Judah, thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain;
Thy days of splendor shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaffed
In peace, by all who come;
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home.

THOMAS MOORE.

Address to the Mummy at Belzoni's Exhibition.

A ND thou hast walked about (how strange a story)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue—come—let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, Mummy,
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon—
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat, Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass; Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat; Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass; Or held, by Solomon's own invitation, A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled.
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop—if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen—
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent! incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows;
But prythee tell us something of thyself—
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou has slumbered—
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended—
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread—
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis;
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,

The nature of thy private life unfold:

A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,

And tears adown that dusty cheek have rolled;

Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?

What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man—who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence!
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost forever?
O! let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue—that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom!
HORACE SMITH.

Cleopatra Embarking on the Cydnus.

After a Picture by Derby.

"The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold:
Purple the sail; and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of fittes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.

SHAKESPEARE.

FLUTES in the sunny air!
And harps in the porphyry halls!
And a low deep hum—like a people's prayer—
With its heart breathed swells and falls!

And an echo—like the desert's call,—
Flung back to the shouting shores!
And the river's ripple, heard through all,
As it plays with the silver oars!—
The sky is a gleam of gold!
And the amber breezes float,
Like thoughts to be dreamed of but never told,
Around the dancing boat!

She has stepped on the burning sand;
And the thousand tongues are mute:
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,
The strings of his gilded lute!
And the Æthiop's heart throbs loud and high,
Beneath his white symar;
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye,
Like the flash of an Eastern star!
The gales may not be heard,
Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots—like a bright-plumed bird—
Away, down the golden river!

Away by the lofty mount!

And away by the lonely shore!

And away by the gushing of many a fount—
Where fountains gush no more!

O for some warning vision there,
Some voice that should have spoken

Of climes to be laid waste and bare,
And glad young spirits broken!

Of waters dried away,
And hope and beauty blasted!—

That scenes so fair and hearts so gay
Should be so early wasted!

A dream of other days!

That land is a desert now!

And grief grew up to dim the blaze
Upon that royal brow!

The whirlwind's burning wing hath cast
Blight on the marble plain,
And sorrow—like the simoom—past
O'er Cleopatra's brain!

For like her fervid clime that bred
Its self-consuming fires,
Her heart—like Indian widows—fed
Its own funereal pyres!

Not such the song her minstrels sing—
"Live, beauteous, and forever!"

As the vessel darts, with its purple wing.
Away down the golden river!

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Cleopatra at Actium.

I.

THE banners of the world are met upon that wild blue wave,—

The sun hath risen that shall set upon an empire's grave; From tongues of many a land bursts forth the war-shout to the breeze,

And half the crowns of all the earth are played for on the seas!

II.

The ocean hath a tinge of blood,—a sound of woe the air;
Death swims his pale steed through the flood—O what doth
woman there?

The shout of nations, in their strife, rings far along the lea, And what doth Egypt's dark-eyed queen upon that battle-sea?

III.

The Cydnus, hath it not the same bright wave and gentle flow

With which it stole to Tarsus, in those happy years ago, When music haunted all the shores by which its waters rolled, And she came down the river in her galley of the gold?

IV.

Her oars were of the silver then, and to her purple sails, And in amid her raven hair, came only perfumed gales; And Cupids trimmed the silken ropes along the cedar spars, And she lay like a goddess on her pillow of the ctars.

٧.

Oh, the old city! and alas! the young and blessèd dream
That fell into her spirit first upon its silver stream!
The wild sweet memories of that morn still o'er her feelings
float,

And love has launched this battle-bark that steered that golden boat.

VI.

And she is yet, to one high heart, through all this cloud of war.

As in that city of the sea, its own and only star—
The cynosure that shines as bright, across that place of graves,

As first it rose upon his soul from o'er the Cydnus' waves.

VII.

O, love, that is so bold to dare, should be more strong to do, Or what, O what doth Egypt there, with that soft, silken crew?

And she should have a firmer soul who treads the battle-deck; And passion, where it fails to save, is, oh, too sure to wreck

VIII.

And her's is still the spendthrift heart, that, when a wayward girl,

In passion's hour to pleasure's bowl cast in a priceless pearl; But oh, her wealth of hoarded gems were all too poor to pay The one rich pearl, in this wild hour her fears have flung away!

IX.

The princely pearl to whom her brow, though dark, seemed, oh, how fair!

And crowns were only precious things, when in her raven hair:

Who paid her smiles with diadems,—and bought, at empire's cost,

The love which he must lose to-day,—when all beside is lost!

x.

She hath risen like a queen !—a pause—a moment's pause !—
and now

One word hath torn the golden badge from off her royal brow!

The prows are turned to Egypt, and the flying sails unfurled, And the western breeze hath borne from him the fortunes of the world!

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

Charge of the Light Brigade.

HALF a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death Rode the six hundred. Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred,
For up came an order which
Some one had blundered.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Take the guns," Nolan said;
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
No man was there dismayed,
Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:

Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare, Flashed all at once in air, Sabering the gunners there, Charging an army, while All the world wondered: Plunged in the battery smoke, With many a desperate stroke The Russian line they broke; Then they rode back, but not,— Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
Those that had fought so well
Came from the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?

O the wild charge they made!

All the world wondered.

Honor the charge they made!

Honor the Light Brigade,

Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Lotus-Eaters.

I.

"COURAGE!" he said, and pointed toward the land;
"This mounting wave shall roll us shoreward soon."
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon:
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall, and pause and fall did seem.

TT.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke, Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go; And some through wavering lights and shadows broke, Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below. They saw the gleaming river seaward flow From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops, Three silent pinnacles of aged snow, Stood sunset-flushed: and, dewed with showery drops, Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

III.

The charmed sunset lingered low adown
In the red West: through mountain-clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Bordered with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;
A land where all things always seemed the same!
And round about the keel, with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotus-eaters came.

IV.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep asleep he seemed, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

v.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand, Between the sun and moon, upon the shore; And sweet it was to dream of Father-land, Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore Most weary seemed the sea, weary the oar, Weary the wandering fields of barren foam. Then some one said, "We will return no more;" And all at once they sang, "Our island home Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

CHORIC SONG.

I.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And through the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II.

Why are we weighed upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone?
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease our wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor hearken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III.

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is wooed from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steeped at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed; and turning yellow,
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo! sweetened with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.
Death is the end of life; ah! why
Should life all labor be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest and ripen toward the grave,
In silence ripen, fall, and cease:
Give us long rest or death, dark death or dreamful ease!

v

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream, With half-shut eyes ever to seem Falling asleep in a half dream! To dream and dream, like yonder amber light, Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height; To hear each other's whispered speech;
Eating the Lotus, day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray:
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heaped over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass!

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives, And dear the last embraces of our wives, And their warm tears; but all hath suffered change; For surely now our household hearths are cold: Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange: And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy. Or else the island princes, over-bold, Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings Before them of the ten years' war in Troy, And our great deeds as half-forgotten things. Is there confusion in the little isle? Let what is broken so remain. The gods are hard to reconcile: 'Tis hard to settle order once again. There is confusion worse than death, Trouble on trouble, pain on pain, Long labor unto aged breath, Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars, And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly, How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly), With half-dropt eyelids still, Beneath a heaven dark and holy, To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave through the thick-twined vine—
To hear the emerald-colored water falling
Through many a woven acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.

VIII.

The Lotus blooms below the barren peak:
The Lotus blows by every winding creek:
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone:
Through every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotus-dus is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we, Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge was seething free.

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind.
In the hollow Lotus-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.
For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurle I
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly curled

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming world;

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands, Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centered in a doleful song Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong, Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong; Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,
Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine, and oil;
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whispered—down
in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell, Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar; O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Pericles and Aspasia.

THIS was the ruler of the land
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band
When each was like a living flame;
The center of earth's noblest ring—
Of more than men the more than king.

Yet not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sovereignty was held or won:
Feared—but alone as freemen fear,
Loved—but as freemen love alone,
He waved the scepter o'er his kind
By nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue— Then eloquence first flashed below; Full armed to life the portent sprung— Minerva from the Thunderer's brow! And his the sole, the sacred hand That shook her ægis o'er the land. And throned immortal by his side,
A woman sits with eye sublime,—
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage—
Their crime was in their darkened age.

He perished, but his wreath was won—
He perished in his height of fame;
Then sunk the cloud on Athens' sun,
Yet still she conquered in his name.
Filled with his soul, she could not die;
Her conquest was Posterity!

GEORGE CROLY.

Song of the Greek Poet.

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece! Where burning Sappho loved and sung, Where grew the arts of war and peace—Where Delos rose, and Phæbus sprung! Eternal summer gilds them yet; But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse;
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo farther west
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou My country? On thy voiceless shore The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Ev'n as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is lest the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?

Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.

Earth! render back from out thy breast

A remnant of our Spartan dead!

Of the three hundred grant but three,

To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah no!—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise—we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchana!!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,—
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine;
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend,
That tyrant was Miltiades!
Oh that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there perhaps some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!

Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;

But gazing on each glowing maid,

My own the burning tear-drop laves,

To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

LORD BYRON.

Greece.

YET are thy skies as blue, thy crags as wild, Sweet are thy groves and verdant are thy fields, Thine olive ripe as when Minerva smiled; And still his honeyed wealth Hymettus yields. There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress builds, The free-born wanderer of thy mountain air; Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds; Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles glare; Art, glory, freedom fail, but nature still is fair.

LORD BYRON.

The Snows on Parnassus.

LP felt his soul become more light A Beneath the freshness of the night; Cool was the silent sky though calm, And bathed his brow with airy balm. Behind, the camp; before him lay, In many a winding creek and bay, Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow, High and eternal, such as shone, Through thousand summers brightly gone. Along the gulf, the mount, the clime: It will not melt, like man, to time. Tyrant and slave are swept away, Less formed to wear before the ray; But that white veil, the lightest, frailest, Which on the mighty mount thou hailest, While tower and tree are torn and rent. Shines o'er its craggy battlement, In form a peak, in height a cloud, In texture like a hovering shroud, Thus high by parting Freedom spread, As from her fond abode she fled, And lingered on the spot where long Her prophet spirit spake in song.

LORD BYRON.

Marco Bozzaris.

A T midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.

In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing.
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires;
God—and your native land!"

They fought—like brave men, long and well; They piled that ground with Moslem slain; They conquered—but Bozzaris fell, Bleeding at every vein. His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!

Come to the mother, when she feels,

For the first time, her first-born's breath!

Come when the blessed seals

That close the pestilence are broke,

And crowded cities wail its stroke:

Come in consumption's ghastly form,

The earthquake's shock, the ocean-storm;

Come when the heart beats high and warm

With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;

And thou art terrible!—The tear,

The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier;

And all we know, or dream, or fear

Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword

Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard

The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of fame is wrought—
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought—
Come in her crowning hour—and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned mea;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh

To the world-seeking Genoese, When the land-wind from woods of palm, And orange groves, and fields of balm, Flew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,

The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thee her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;

And she, the mother of thy boys, Though in her eye and faded cheek Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys—And even she who gave thee birth,
Will by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—One of the few, the immortal names,

That were not born to die.

FITZ. GREENE HALLECK.

Ode on a Grecian Urn.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time!
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme!
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? what maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on—
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone!
Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal; yet do not grieve—
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed Your leaves nor ever bid the Spring adieu; And happy melodist, unwearied, Forever piping songs forever new; More happy love! more happy, happy love! Forever warm and still to be enjoyed, Forever panting and forever young; All breathing human passion far above, That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed, A burning forehead and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?

To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest-branches and the trodden weed!
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought,
As doth eternity. Cold pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
JOHN KEATS.

Mother and Poet.

(Turin, after news from Gaeta, 1861.)

DEAD! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea!
Dead! both my boys! when you sit at the feast,
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,

And good at my art, for a woman, men said;
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,

—The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head

Forever instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!

What art is she good at, but hurting her breast

With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?

Ah boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,

And I proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? to hold on her knees

Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, strangle a little! to sew by degrees

And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat!

To dream and to doat!

To teach them . . It stings there! I made them, indeed,
Speak plain the word country. I taught them, no doubt,
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
I prated of liberty, rights, and about
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . O my beautiful eyes! . .
I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise
When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps, then one kneels!

God, how the house feels!

At first, happy news came, in gay letters moiled
With my kisses,—of camp-life and glory, and how
They both loved me, and, soon coming home to be spoiled,
In return would fan off every fly from my brow
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin: "Ancona was free!"
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.—
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong, Writ now but in one hand: "I was not to faint,—One loved me for two—would be with me ere long:

And 'Viva l'Italia!' he died for, our saint,

Who forbids our complaint!"

My Nanni would add, "he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls,—was impressed
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—Shot.

Tell his mother. Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother,—not
"mine,"

No voice says "my mother" again to me. What You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?

I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so
The above and below.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of Thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;
And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done,

If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport

Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men?

When the guns of Cavalli with final retort

Have cut the game short;

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee, When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,

When you have your country from mountain to sea, When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head, (And I have my dead),—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low, And burn your lights faintly! My country is there, Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow:

My Italy's THERE—with my brave civic pair,

To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into wail such as this—and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea!
Both! both my boys! If in keeping the feast,
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!
ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Nuremberg.

- I N the valley of the Pegnitz, where across broad meadow lands
- Rise the blue Franconian mountains, Nuremberg, the ancient, stands;
- Quaint old town of toil and traffic, quaint old town of art and song,
- Memories haunt thy pointed gables like the rooks that round them throng;
- Memories of the Middle Ages, when the emperors rough and bold,
- Had their dwellings in thy castle, time-defying, centuries old;
- And thy brave and thrifty burghers boasted in their uncouth rhyme,
- That their great, imperial city stretched its hand to every clime.
- In the court-yard of the castle, bound with many an iron band
- Stands the mighty linden planted by Queen Cunigunde's hand;
- On the square the oriel window, where in old heroic days Sat the poet Melchior singing Kaiser Maximilian's praise.
- Everywhere I see around me rise the wondrous world of art; Fountains wrought with richest sculpture standing in the common mart;
- And above cathedral doorways saints and bishops carved in stone,
- By a former age commissioned as apostles to our own.
- In the church of sainted Sebald sleeps enshrined his holy dust.
- And in bronze the Twelve Apostles guard from age to age their trust:

- In the church of sainted Lawrence stands a pix of sculpture rare,
- Like the foamy sheaf of fountains, rising through the painted air.
- Here, when Art was still religion, with a simple reverent heart,
- Lived and labored Albrecht Dürer, the Evangelist of Art;
- Hence in silence and in sorrow, toiling still with busy hand, Like an emigrant he wandered, seeking for the Better Land.
- Emigravit is the inscription on the tomb-stone where he lies, Dead he is not—but departed—for the Artist never dies:
- Fairer seems the ancient city, and the sunshine seems more fair.
- That he once has trod its pavement, that he once has breathed its air.
- Through these streets so broad and stately, these obscure and dismal lanes,
- Walked of yore the Mastersingers, chanting rude poetic strains;
- From remote and sunless suburbs came they to the friendly guild,
- Building nests in Fame's great temple, as in spouts the swallows build.
- As the weaver plied the shuttle wove he too the mystic rhyme,
- And the smith his iron measures hammered to the anvil's chime,
- Thanking God, whose boundless wisdom makes the flowers of poesy bloom
- In the forge's dust and cinders, in the tissues of the loom.
- Here Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, laureate of the gentle craft.
- Wisest of the Twelve Wise Masters, in huge folios sang and laughed.

But his house is now an ale-house, with a nicely sanded floor, And a garland in the window, and his face above the door;

Painted by some humble artist as in Adam Puschman's song, As the old man gray and dove-like, with his great beard white and long.

And at night the swart mechanic comes to drown his cark and care,

Quaffing ale from pewter tankards, in the master's antique chair.

Vanished is the ancient splendor, and before my dreamy eye Wave these mingling shapes and figures, like a faded tapestry.

Not thy Councils, not thy Kaisers, win for thee the world's regard,

But thy painter, Albrecht Dürer, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.

Thus, O Nuremberg, a wanderer from a region far away, As he paced thy streets and court-yards, sang in thought his careless lay;

Gathering from the pavement's crevice, as a floweret of the soil,

The nobility of labor,—the long pedigree of toil.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Bingen on the Rhine.

A SOLDIER of the legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth
of woman's tears;

But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,

And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say:

The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand, And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land:

Take a message, and a token to some distant friends of mine;

For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,

To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground, That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done

Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun; And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,—

The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;

And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—

And one had come from Bingen,-fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother, that her other son shall comfort her old age;

For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage. For my father was a soldier, and even as a child

My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild:

And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,

I let them take whate'er they would,—but kept my father's sword;

And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,

On the cottage wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,

When the troops come marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,

But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,

For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;

And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name,

To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,

And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine),

For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gone by You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;

Too innocent for coquetry,—too fond for idle scorning,—
O, friend! I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest
mourning!

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen, My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison),— I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—sweet Bingen on the Rhine.

"I saw the blue Rhine sweep along,—I heard, or seemed to hear,

The German songs we used to sing in chorus sweet and clear;

And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,

The echoing chorus sounded through the evening calm and still;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk!

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,-

But we meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse,—h.s grasp was childish weak,—

His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak;

His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,— The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead! And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strewn;

Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

MRS. CAROLINE NORTON.

The Lore-Lei.

I KNOW not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of the times departed
Haunts me—and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens, And calmly flows the Rhine; The mountain peaks are sparkling In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair.

With a golden comb she combs it,
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move;
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above,

Till over boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run;
And this with her magic singing
The Lore-Lei hath done!
HEINRICH HEINE.

How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gate-bolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other: we kept the great pace— Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place; I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight, Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right, Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit, Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew near Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear; At Boom a great yellow star came out to see; At Duffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be; And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime—So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun, And against him the cattle stood black every one, To stare through the mist at us galloping past; And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last With resolute shoulders, each butting away The haze as some bluff river headland its spray;

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS. 69

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track; And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance O'er its white edge at me, its own master, askance; And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur! Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her; We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees, And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I, Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky; The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh; 'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff; Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white, And "Gallop" gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone; And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate, With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim, And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or
good,

Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;

And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from
Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Ivry.

N OW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!

And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant
land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls
annoy.

Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war!

Hurrah! Hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre!

O! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day, We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array; With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers, And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears! There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land:

And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;

And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;

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And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war, To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us in all his armor drest;

And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.

He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye; He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing.

Down all our line, a deafening shout: God save our lord the king!

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may— For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray— Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks

of war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din Of fife, and steel, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.

The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain, With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne, Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France, Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance! A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest.

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snowwhite crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours: Mayenne hath turned his rein:

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain;

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van, "Remember Saint Bartholomew!" was passed from man to man.

But out spake gentle Henry—"No Frenchman is my foe:

Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren
go"—

O! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war, As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;

And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.

But we of the religion have borne us best in fight;

And the good Lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white— Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,

The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.

Up with it high; unfurl it wide—that all the host may know How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his church such woe.

Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,

Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho! maidens of Vienna; ho! matrons of Lucerne— Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,

That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright;

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward tonight; For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are; And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre! THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

Moncontour.—A Song of the Huguenots.

OH! weep for Moncontour! Oh! weep for the hour When the children of darkness and evil had power; When the horsemen of Valois triumphantly trod On the bosoms that bled for their rights and their God!

Oh! weep for Moncontour! Oh! weep for the slain, Who for faith and for freedom lay slaughtered in vain. Oh! weep for the living, who linger to bear The renegade's shame, or the exile's despair!

One look, one last look, to the cots and the towers,
To the rows of our vines, and the beds of our flowers;
To the church where the bones of our fathers decayed,
Where we fondly had deemed that our own should be laid.

Alas! we must leave thee, dear desolate home, To the spearman of Uri, the shavelings of Rome; To the serpent of Florence, the vulture of Spain, To the pride of Anjou, and the guile of Lorraine.

Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades, To the songs of thy youths, and the dance of thy maids; To the breath of thy gardens, the hum of thy bees, And the long waving line of the blue Pyrenees. Farewell, and forever! The priest and the slave
May rule in the halls of the free and the brave;—
Our hearths we abandon;—our lands we resign;
But, Father, we kneel at no altar but thine!
THOMAS B. MACAULAY.

Burial of Sir John Moore.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note, As his corse to the rampart we hurried; Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot O'er the grave where our hero we buried,

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sod with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And our lanterns dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,

Nor in sheet, nor in shroud we bound him;

But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,

With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone, And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him; But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on, In the grave where a Briton has laid him! But half of our heavy task was done,
When the bell tolled the hour for retiring,
And we knew by the distant, random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,

From the field of his fame, fresh and gory!

We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—

But we left him alone with his glory!

CHARLES WOLFE.

Boadicea.

WHEN the British warrior queen, Bleeding from the Roman rods, Sought, with an indignant mien, Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak Sat the Druid, hoary chief; Every burning word he spoke Full of rage and full of grief.

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
"Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish—write that word In the blood that she has spilt; Perish, hopeless and abhorred, Deep in ruin as in guilt.

"Rome, for empire far renowned, Tramples on a thousand states; Soon her pride shall kiss the ground— Hark! the Gaul is at her gates! "Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs From the forests of our land, Armed with thunder, clad with wings, Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew Thy posterity shall sway; Where his eagles never flew, None invincible as they."

Such the Bard's prophetic words, Pregnant with celestial fire, Bending as he swept the chords Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride, Felt them in her bosom glow: Rushed to battle, fought, and died; Dying, hurled them at the foe.

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you."
WILLIAM COWPER.

Lochiel's Warning.

WIZARD.

CHIEL, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown, Woe, woe, to the riders that trample them down! Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain, And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain. But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of wau What steed to the desert flies frantic and far? 'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await, Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate. A steed comes at morning—no rider is there; But its bridle is red with the sign of despair. Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led! Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead; For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—Culloden, that reeks with the blood of the brave!

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer !
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn? Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn! Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the north? Lo! the death-shot of foemen out-speeding, he rode Companionless, bearing destruction abroad; But down let him stoop from his havoc on high! Ah! home let him speed,—for the spoiler is nigh. Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast? 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven. O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might, Whose banners arise on the battlements' height, Heaven's fire is around thee to blast and to burn: Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return !

For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood, And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood!

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan:
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one.
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard.

-Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day! For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal, But man cannot cover what God would reveal! 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore, And coming events cast their shadows before. I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king. Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath, Behold where he flies on his desolate path! Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight: Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!-'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors: Culloden is lost, and my country deplores. But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where? For the red eye of battle is shut in despair. Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn, Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn Ah no! for a darker departure is near; The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;

His death-bell is tolling: Oh! mercy, dispel Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell! Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs, And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims! Accursed be the fagots that blaze at his feet, Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat, With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale!
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat!
Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame!
TROMAS CAMPBELL.

Lord Ullin's Daughter.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!

And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now who be ye, would cross Luchgyle,
This dark and stormy water?"
"O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

- "And fast before her father's men
 Three days we 've fled together;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.
- "His horsemen hard behind us ride; Should they our steps discover, Then who will cheer my bonny bride When they have slain her lover?"—
- Out spoke the hardy Highland wight, "I'll go, my chief—I'm ready.—
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady."
- "And by my word! the bonny bird In danger shall not tarry; So though the waves are raging white, I'll row you o'er the ferry."
- By this the storm grew loud apace;
 The water-wraith was shrieking;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.
- But still as wilder blew the wind, And as the night grew drearer, Adown the glen rode armèd men— Their trampling sounded nearer.
- "O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries;
 "Though tempests round us gather;
 I'll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father."
- The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her—
 When, O! too strong for human hand,
 The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar Of waters fast prevailing;— Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore; His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade His child he did discover; One lovely hand she stretched for aid, And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water;
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—Oh, my daughter!"

'Twas vain:—the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.
THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Sands o' Dee.

"OMARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee!"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair—
O' drowned maiden's hair—
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,

The cruel, crawling foam,

The cruel, hungry foam,—

To her grave beside the sea;

But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home

Across the sands o' Dee!

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

On the Death of George the Third.

WRITTEN UNDER WINDSOR TERRACE.

I SAW him last on this terrace proud,
Walking in health and gladness,
Begirt with his court; and in all the crowd
Not a single look of sadness.

Bright was the sun, the leaves were green— Blithely the birds were singing; The cymbals replied to the tambourine, And the bells were merrily ringing.

I have stood with the crowd beside his bier, When not a word was spoken— When every eye was dim with a tear, And the silence by sobs was broken.

I have heard the earth on his coffin pour
To the muffled drum's deep rolling,
While the minute-gun, with its solemn roar,
Drowned the death-bells' tolling.

ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE THE THIRD. 83

The time—since ne walked in his glory thus,
To the grave till I saw him carried—
Was an age of the mightiest change to us,
But to him a night unvaried.

A daughter beloved, a queen, a son, And a son's sole child, have perished; And sad was each heart, save only the one By which they were fondest cherished:

For his eyes were sealed and his mind was dark, And he sat in his age's lateness— Like a vision throned, as a solemn mark Of the frailty of human greatness;

His silver beard o'er a bosom spread Unvexed by life's commotion, Like a yearly lengthening snow-drift shed On the calm of a frozen ocean.

Still o'er him oblivion's waters lay,

Though the stream of life kept flowing;

When they spoke of our king, 't was but to say

The old man's strength was going.

At intervals thus the waves disgorge,
By weakness rent asunder,
A piece of the wreck of the Royal George,
To the people's pity and wonder.

He is gone at length—he is laid in the dust, Death's hand his slumbers breaking;— For the coffined sleep of the good and just Is a sure and blissful waking.

His people's heart is his funeral urn;
And should sculptured stone be denied him,
There will his name be found, when in turn
We lay our heads beside him.

HORACE SMITH.

Ye Mariners of England.

I.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow—
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow—
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

The Two Voices.

TWO voices are there; one is of the sea,
One of the mountains—each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice;
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!
There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him—but hast vainly striven;
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs, heard by thee.
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft;
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—
For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful voice be heard by thee?

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

An Ode.

WHAT constitutes a State?

Not high raised battlement or labored mound,

Thick wall or moated gate;

Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned; Not bays and broad-armed ports,

Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride; Not starred and spangled courts,

Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride. No:—Men, high-minded men,

With powers as far above dull brutes endued In forest, brake, or den,

As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude— Men who their duties know,

But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain, Prevent the long-aimed blow,

And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:—
These constitute a State;

And sovereign Law, that State's collected will, O'er thrones and globes elate,

Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill. Smit by her sacred frown,

The fiend, Dissension, like a vapor sinks; And e'en the all-dazzling Crown

Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks. Such was this Heaven-loved isle,

Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore!

No more shall freedom smile?

Shall Britons languish, and be men no more? Since all must life resign,

Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave 'Tis folly to decline,

And steal inglorious to the silent grave!

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

While History's Muse.

WHILE History's Muse the memorial was keeping
Of all that the dark hand of destiny weaves,
Beside her the genius of Erin stood weeping,
For hers was the story that blotted the leaves.
But oh! how the tear in her eyelids grew bright,
When, after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
She saw History write,
With a pencil of light
That illumed all the volume, her Wellington's name.

"Hail, star of my isle!" said the Spirit, all sparkling
With tears, such as break from her own dewy skies—
"Through ages of sorrow, deserted and darkling,
I've watched for some glory like thine to arise.
For, though heroes I've numbered, unblest was their lot,
And unhallowed they sleep in the crossways of Fame;—
But O! there is not
One dishonoring blot
On the wreath that encircles my Wellington's name,

"Yet still the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
The grandest, the purest, even thou hast yet known;
Though proud was thy task, other nations unchaining,
Far prouder to heal the deep wounds of thy own.
At the foot of that throne for whose weal thou hast stood,
Go, plead for the land that first cradled thy fame,

And, bright o'er the flood
Of her tears and her blood,
Let the Rainbow of Hope be her Wellington's name!"
THOMAS MOORE.

Oh! Blame not the Bard.

OH! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at Fame,
He was born for much more, and in happier hours
His soul might have burned with a holier flame.
The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song of desire,
Might have poured the full tide of a patriot's heart!

But alas for his country!—her pride is gone by,
And that spirit is broken, which never would bend;
O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,
For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend!
Unprized are her sons, till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch, that would light them through dignity's way,
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires!

Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft dream
He should try to forget what he never can heal:
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how he'll feel!
That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay down
Every passion it nursed, every bliss it adored;
While the myrtle, now idly entwined with his crown,
Like the wreath of Harmodius should cover his sword.

But though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin! shall live in his songs;
Not e'en in the hour when his heart is most gay,
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!
THOMAS MOORE.

Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,

They, the true-hearted, came;

Not with the roll of the stirring drums,

And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,

In silence and in fear;—

They shook the depths of the desert's gloom

With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair,
Amidst that pilgrim band:
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?

Bright jewels of the mine?

The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—

They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod:

They have left unstained what there they found—

Freedom to worship God!

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

Lines on Leaving Europe.

BRIGHT flag at yonder tapering mast!
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! oh lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

The wind blows fair! the vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze,
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas!
O fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And longed, with breaking heart, to flee
On cloud-like pinions o'er the sea!

Adieu, oh lands of fame and eld!

I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
Yon clouded line, come hurrying back;

My lips are dry with vague desire,—
My cheek once more is hot with joy—
My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire!
Oh, what has changed that traveler-boy?
As leaves the ship this dying foam,
His visions fade behind—his weary heart speeds home!

Adieu, O soft and southern shore, Where dwelt the stars long missed in heaven— Those forms of beauty seen no more, Yet once to Art's rapt vision given! O, still the enamored sun delays, And pries through fount and crumbling fane. To win to his adoring gaze Those children of the sky again! Irradiate beauty, such as never That light on other earth hath shone, Hath made this land her home forever: And could I live for this alone-Were not my birthright brighter far Than such voluptuous slaves' can be— Held not the West one glorious star New-born and blazing for the free-Soared not to heaven our eagle yet— Rome, with her Helot sons, should teach me to forget!

Adieu, oh fatherland! I see
Your white cliffs on the horizon's rim,
And though to freer skies I flee,
My heart swells, and my eyes are dim!
As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore—
As spreads the rain-drop in the river
In which it may have flowed before—
To England, over vale and mountain,
My fancy flew from climes more fair—
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Ran warm and fast in England's air.

Dear mother, in thy prayer, to-night,

There come new words and warmer tears!

On long, long darkness breaks the light—
Comes home the loved, the lost for years!

Sleep safe, O wave-worn mariner!

Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea!

The ear of heaven bends low to her!

He comes to shore who sails with me!

The spider knows the roof unriven,

While swings his web, though lightnings blaze—
And by a thread still fast on heaven,
I know my mother lives and prays!

Dear mother! when our lips can speak— When first our tears will let us see-When I can gaze upon thy cheek. And thou, with thy dear eyes on me-'Twill be a pastime little sad To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers Upon each other's forms have had-For all may flee, so feeling lingers! But there's a change, beloved mother! To stir far deeper thoughts of thine; I come—but with me comes another To share the heart once only mine! Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely, One star arose in memory's heaven-Thou, who hast watched one treasure only-Watered one flower with tears at even-Room in thy heart! The hearth she left Is darkened to lend light to ours! There are bright flowers of care bereft, And hearts-that languish more than flowers! She was their light—their very air— Room, mother, in thy heart! place for her in thy prayer NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

The Arsenal at Springfield.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling, Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms; But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah! what a sound will rise—how wild and dreary— When the death-angel touches those swift keys! What loud lament and dismal Miserere Will mingle with their awful symphonies!

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus—
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer; Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song; And loud, amid the universal clamor, O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din; And Aztec priests upon their teocallis Beat the wild war-drums made of serpents' skin;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade—
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred; And every nation that should lift again Its hand against a brother, on its forehead Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,

The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;

And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,

I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace!—and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies;
But, beautiful as songs of the immortals,

The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

The Battle Autumn (1862).

THE flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow;
Yet rolls no thunder in the sky,
No earthquake strives below.

And, calm and patient, Nature keeps
Her ancient promise well,
Though o'er her bloom and greenness sweeps
The battle's breath of hell.

And still she walks in golden hours
Through harvest-happy farms;
And still she wears her fruits and flowers
Like jewels on her arms.

What mean the gladness of the plain,
This joy of eve and morn,
The mirth that shakes the beard of grain,
And yellow locks of corn?

Ah! eyes may well be full of tears, And hearts with hate are hot: But even-paced come round the years, And Nature changes not.

She meets with smiles our bitter grief, With songs our groans of pain; She mocks with tint of flower and leaf The war-field's crimson stain.

Still, in the cannon's pause, we hear Her sweet thanksgiving psalm; Too near to God for doubt or fear, She shares the eternal calm.

She knows the seed lies safe below The fires that blast and burn; For all the tears of blood we sow She waits the rich return.

She sees with clearer eye than ours
The good of suffering born,—
The heart that blossoms like her flowers,
And ripens like her corn.

Oh, give to us, in times like these, The vision of her eyes; And make her fields and fruited trees Our golden prophecies! Oh, give to us her finer ear!

Above this stormy din

We, too, would hear the bells of cheer

Ring Peace and Freedom in!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

How Sleep the Brave!

HOW sleep the brave who sink to rest By all their country's wishes blest! When Spring, with dewy fingers cold, Returns to deck their hallowed mould, She there shall dress a sweeter sod Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung, By forms unseen their dirge is sung: There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray, To bless the turf that wraps their clay; And Freedom shall awhile repair, To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS

Freedom's Battle.

POR Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!
Attest it, many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusky darkness hid,
Have left a nameless Pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Has swept the column from their tomb,

A mightier monument command,— The mountains of their native land! There points the Muse to stranger's eye The names of those that cannot die!

LORD BYRON.

The Lost Leader.

I UST for a handful of silver he left us; J Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat,— Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us, Lost all the others she lets us devote. They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver, So much was theirs who so little allowed: How all our copper had gone for his service! Rags,—were they purple, his heart had been proud! We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him, Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, Learned his great language, caught his clear accents, Made him our pattern to live and to die! Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us, Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves! He alone breaks from the van and the freemen, He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre:
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.
Blot out his name then,—record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!

Life's night begins; let him never come back to us!

There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain;

Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad, confident morning again!

Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike gallantly,
Aim at our heart, ere we pierce through his own;

Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne!

ROBERT BROWNING.

Love.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene, Had blended with the lights of eve; And she was there, my hope, my joy, My own dear Genevieve!

She leaned against the armed man, The statue of the armed night; She stood and listened to my lay, Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own, My hope! my joy! my Genevieve! She loves me best whene'er I sing The songs that make her grieve. I played a soft and doleful air; I sang an old and moving story— An old, rude song, that suited well That ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the knight that wore Upon his shield a burning brand; And that for ten long years he wooed The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined—and ah! The deep, the low, the pleading tone With which I sang another's love, Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely knight,
And that he crossed the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came and looked him in the face An angel beautiful and bright; And that he knew it was a fiend, This miserable knight!

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And that, unknowing what he did, He leaped amid a murderous band, And saved from outrage worse than death, The Lady of the Land.

And how she wept, and clasped his knees; And how she tended him in vain— And ever strove to expiate The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave; And how his madness went away, When on the yellow forest-leaves A dying man he lay:—

His dying words—but when I reached That tenderest strain of all the ditty, My faltering voice and pausing harp Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope, An undistinguishable throng, And gentle wishes long subdued, Subdued and cherished long!

She wept with pity and delight—
She blushed with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved; she stepped aside—As conscious of my look she stept—Then suddenly, with timorous eye,

She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms; She pressed me with a meek embrace; And bending back her head, looked up, And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear, And partly 't was a bashful art, That I might rather feel, than see, The swelling of her heart.

I calmed her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

A Health.

I FILL this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon;
To whom the better elements
And kindly stars have given
A form so fair, that, like the air,
'T is less of earth than heaven.

Her every tone is music's own,
Like those of morning birds;
And something more than melody
Dwells ever in her words;
The coinage of her heart are they,
And from her lips each flows
As one may see the burdened bee
Forth issue from the rose.

Affections are as thoughts to her,
The measures of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrancy,
The freshness of young flowers;
And lovely passions, changing oft,
So fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns,
The idol of past years!

Of her bright face one glance will trace
A picture on the brain;
And of her voice in echoing hearts
A sound must long remain:
But memory, such as mine of her,
So very much endears,
When death is nigh my latest sigh
Will not be life's, but hers.

I fill this cup to one made up
Of loveliness alone,
A woman, of her gentle sex
The seeming paragon—
Her health! and would on earth there stood
Some more of such a frame,
That life might be all poetry,
And weariness a name!

EDWARD C. PINK

Ruth.

SHE stood breast high amid the corn Clasped by the golden light of morn, Like the sweetheart of the sun, Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush Deeply ripened;—such a blush In the midst of brown was born, Like red poppies grown with corn. Round her eyes her tresses fell— Which were blackest none could tell; But long lashes veiled a light That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim, Made her tressy forehead dim;— Thus she stood amid the stooks, Praising God with sweetest looks.

Sure, I said, heaven did not mean Where I reap thou shouldst but glean; Lay thy sheaf adown, and come Share my harvest and my home.

THOMAS HOOD.

My Love.

N OT as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening star;
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot;
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses

Which most leave undone, or despise;
For naught that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things;
And though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so;
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow;
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman; one in whom

The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Goes wandering at its own will,
And yet doth ever flow aright,

And on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles, my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

The Beating of my Heart.

I WANDERED by the brook-side, I wandered by the mill; I could not hear the brook flow—The noisy wheel was still.

There was no burr of grasshopper, No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree:
I watched the long, long shade,
And, as it grew still longer,
I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not,—no, he came not—
The night came on alone—
The little stars sat one by one,
Each on his golden throne;
The evening wind passed by my cheek,
The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
When something stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder—
I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
Was all the sound we heard.
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Lines to an Indian Air.

I ARISE from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs, they faint
On the dark and silent stream—
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.

My cheek is cold and white, alas!

My heart beats loud and fast;

Oh! press it close to thine again,

Where it will break at last.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

To a Carrier Pigeon.

COME hither, thou beautiful rover,
Thou wanderer of earth and of air,
That bearest the sighs of the lover,
And bringest him news of his fair.
Bend hither thy light-waving pinion,
And show me the gloss of thy neck:
Come, perch on my hand. dearest minion,
And turn up thy bright eye, and peck.

Here is bread of the brightest and sweetest,
And here is a sip of red wine;
Though thy wing is the lightest and fleetest,
'Twill be fleeter when nerved by the vine.
I have written on rose-scented paper,
With thy wing-quill, a soft billet-doux;
I have melted the wax in love's taper,—
'Tis the color of true heart's sky-blue.

I have fastened it under thy pinion,
With a blue ribbon round thy soft neck;
So go from me, beautiful minion,
While the pure ether shows not a speck,—
Like a cloud, in the dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow, he hurries away;
And farther and farther retreating,
He is lost in the clear blue of day.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

Love.—(Songs of Seven.)

I LEANED out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O, sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love, he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit on the tree:
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer;
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?

Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over From sycamore blossoms, or settle, or sleep; You glow-worms shine out, and the pathway discover To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.

Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."

By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
And all the sweet speech I had fashioned, took flight.

But I'll love him more, more Than e'er wife loved before, Be the days dark or bright.

JEAN INGELOW.

As to the Distant Moon.

A S to the distant moon
The sea forever turns; As to the polar star The earth forever yearns: So doth my constant heart Beat oft for thine alone. And o'er its far-off heaven of dreams Thine image high enthrone. But ah! the sea and moon, The earth and star meet never: And space as wide, and dark, and high Divideth us forever! ANNE C. LYNCH.

Absence.

THAT shall I do with all the days and hours That must be counted ere I see thy face? How shall I charm the interval that lowers Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense--Weary with longing? Shall I flee away Into past days, and with some fond pretence Cheat myself to forget the present day?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin Of casting from me God's great gift of time? Shall I, these mists of memory locked within, Leave and forget life's purposes sublime?

O, how, or by what means, may I contrive To bring the hour that brings thee back more near? How may I teach my drooping hope to live Until that blessed time, and thou art here?

I'll tell thee; for thy sake I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains

I will this dreary blank of absence make
A noble task-time; and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomed time build up in me
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

From the Epipsychidion.

THIS isle and house are mine, and I have vowed Thee to be lady of the solitude;
And I have fitted up some chambers there,
Looking toward the golden eastern air,
And level with the living winds, which flow
Like waves above the living waves below.
I have sent books and music there, and all
Those instruments with which high spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last
In thoughts and joys which sleep, but cannot die,
Folded within their own eternity.

Meanwhile,

We two will rise, and sit, and walk together,
Under the roof of blue Ionian weather,
And wander in the meadows, or ascend
The mossy mountains, where the blue heavens bend
With lightest winds to touch their paramour;
Or linger where the pebble-paven shore,
Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea,
Tumbles and sparkles as with ecstasy,—
Possessing and possessed by all that is
Within that calm circumference of bliss,
And by each other, till to love and live
Be one.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

Come into the Garden, Maud.

COME into the garden, Maud—
For the black bat, night, has flown!
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon:
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune—
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play."
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
"Forever and ever, mine!"

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood—
Our wood, that is dearer than all;—

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs,
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes—
To the woody hollows in which we meet,
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake—
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls, Come hither! the dances are done; In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, Queen lily and rose in one; Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls, To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear!
She is coming, my life, my fate!
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near!"
And the white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

She is coming, my own, my sweet!

Were it ever so airy a tread,

My heart would hear her and beat,

Were it earth in an earthy bed;

My dust would hear her and beat,

Had I lain for a century dead—

Would start and tremble under her feet,

And blossom in purple and red.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The Welcome.

T.

Come when you're looked for, or come without warning; Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you, And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you! Light is my heart since the day we were plighted; Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted; The green of the trees looks far greener than ever, And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"

II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them! Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom; I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you; I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.

O! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer Or saber and shield to a knight without armor; I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me, Then, wandering, I'll wish you, in silence, to love me.

III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie;
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy;
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her—
O! she'll whisper you—"Love, as unchangeably beaming.
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming;
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning:
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers don't sever!"
THOMAS DAVIS.

Come to me, Dearest.

OME to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day-time and night-time, I'm thinking about thee;
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing,
And thoughts of thy love, and its manifold treasure,
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O, Spring of my spirit, O, May of my bosom,
Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom;
The waste of my life has a rose-root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figure that moves like a song through the even, Features lit up by a reflex of heaven; Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother, Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other; Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple, Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple;—Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened; Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened? Our hearts ever answer in tune and in time, love, As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love: I cannot weep but your tears will be flowing, You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing; I would not die without you at my side, love, You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love.
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary—
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and dreary—
Come to the arms which alone should caress thee,
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee.

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

A Love Letter.

My whole heart to thee in these words I write;
So let the blotted lines, my soul's sole friend,
Lie upon thine, and there be blest at night.

Irene, I have loved you, as men love
Light, music, odor, beauty, love itself—
Whatever is apart from and above
Those daily needs which deal with dust and pelf.

And I had been content, without one thought
Our guardian angels could have blushed to know,
So to have lived, and died, demanding naught
Save living, dying, to have loved you so.

My wildest wish was vassal to thy will:

My haughtiest hope a pensioner on thy smile,
Which did with light my barren being fill,
As moonlight glorifies some desert isle.

And so I write to you; and write and write,
For the mere sake of writing to you, dear.
What can I tell you, that you know not? Night
Is deepening through the rosy atmosphere,

About the lonely casement of this room,

Which you have left familiar with the grace

That grows where you have been. And on the gloom

I almost fancy I can see your face.

Perchance I shall not ever see again
That face. I know that I shall never see
Its radient beauty as I saw it then,—
Save by this lonely lamp of memory—

With childhood's starry graces lingering yet
In the rosy orient of young womanhood;
And eyes like woodland violets newly wet;
And lips that left their meaning in my blood!

Man cannot make, but may ennoble, fate,
By nobly bearing it. So let us trust
Not to ourselves, but God, and calmly wait
Love's orient out of darkness and of dust.

Farewell, and yet again farewell, and yet Never farewell—if farewell means to fare Alone and disunited. Love hath set Our days in music, to the self-same air;

And I shall feel, wherever we may be,
Even though in absence, and an alien clime,
The shadow of the sunniness of thee,
Hovering, in patience, through a clouded time.

Farewell! the dawn is rising, and the light
Is making, in the east, a faint endeavor
To illuminate the mountain peaks. Good-night,
Thine own, and only thine, my love, forever,
OWEN MEREDITH.

Sonnet.

WHENE'ER I recollect the happy time
When you and I held converse, dear, together,
There come a thousand thoughts of sunny weather,
Of early blossoms and the fresh year's prime:
Your memory lives forever in my mind
With all the fragrant beauties of the Spring,
With odorous lime and silver hawthorn twined,
And many a noon-day woodland wandering.
There's not a thought of you but brings along
Some sunny dream of river, field, and sky;
'Tis wafted on the blackbird's sunset song,
Or some wild snatch of ancient melody.
And as I date it still, our love arose
'Twixt the last violet and the earliest rose.

FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE.

Lines Written in an Album.

A S o'er the cold sepulchral stone
Some name arrests the passer-by,
So, when thou view'st this page alone,
Let mine attract thy pensive eye;
And when by thee that name is read,
Perchance, in some succeeding year,
Reflect on me as on the dead,
And think my heart is buried here.

LORD BYRON.

Langley Lane.

In all the land, range up, range down,
Is there ever a place so pleasant and sweet
As Langley Lane in London town,
Just out of the bustle of square and street?
Little white cottages all in a row,
Gardens where bachelors'-buttons grow,
Swallows' nests in roof and wall,
And up above, the still blue sky
Where the woolly white clouds go sailing by,—
I seem to be able to see it all.

For now, in summer, I take my chair,
And sit outside in the sun, and hear
The distant murmur of street and square,
And the swallows and sparrows chirping near;
And Fanny, who lives just over the way,
Comes running many a time each day
With her little hand's touch so warm and kind;
And I smile and talk, with the sun on my cheek,
And the little live hand seems to stir and speak;
For Fanny is dumb and I am blind.

Fanny is sweet thirteen, and she
Has fine black ringlets and dark eyes clear,
And I am older by summers three,—
Why should we hold each other so dear?
Because she cannot utter a word,
Nor hear the music of bee or bird,
The water-cart's splash or the milkman's call!
Because I have never seen the sky,
Nor the little singers that hum and fly,—
Yet know she is gazing upon them all!

For the sun is shining, the swallows fly,

The bees and the blue-flies murmur low,

And I hear the water-cart go by,

With its cool splash! splash! down the dusty row;

And the little one close at my side perceives

Mine eyes upraised to the cottage eaves,

Where birds are chirping in summer shine;

And I hear, though I cannot look, and she,

Though she cannot hear, can the singers see,—

And the little soft fingers flutter in mine.

Hath not the dear little hand a tongue,

When it stirs on my palm for the love of me?

Do I not know she is pretty and young?

Hath not my soul an eye to see?

'Tis pleasure to make one's bosom stir,

To wonder how things appear to her,

That I only hear as they pass around;

And as long as we sit in the music and light,

She is happy to keep God's sight,

And I am happy to keep God's sound.

Why, I know her face, though I am blind,—
I made it of music long ago:
Strange large eyes, and dark hair twined
Round the pensive light of a brow of snow;
And when I sit by my little one,
And hold her hand and talk in the sun,
And hear the music that haunts the place,
I know she is raising her eyes to me,
And guessing how gentle my voice must be,
And seeing the music upon my face.

Though, if ever the Lord should grant me a prayer, (I know the fancy is only vain),
I should pray, just once, when the weather is fair,
To see little Fanny in Langley Lane;

Though Fanny, perhaps, would pray to hear
The voice of the friend she holds so dear,
The song of the birds, the hum of the street,—
It is better to be as we have been—
Each keeping up something, unheard, unseen,
To make God's heaven more strange and sweet.

Ah! life is pleasant in Langley Lane!

There is always something sweet to hear—
Chirping of birds or patter of rain,
And Fanny, my little one, always near.
And though I am weakly and can't live long,
And Fanny my darling is far from strong,
And though we never can married be,—
What then?—since we hold each other so dear,
For the sake of the pleasure one cannot hear,
And the pleasure that only one can see?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

A Song of the Camp.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the sinoking cannon;
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song, Until its tender passion Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,— Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak, But, as the song grew louder, Something upon the soldier's cheek Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned The bloody sunset's embers, While the Crimean valleys learned How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

VYAT GRAYAB

In Italy.

DEAR Lillian, all I wished is won; I sit beneath Italia's sun, Where olive-orchards gleam and quiver Along the banks of Arno's river.

Through laurel leaves the dim green light Falls on my forehead as I write; And the sweet chimes of vesper ringing Blend with the contadina's singing.

Rich is the soil with Fancy's gold; The stirring memories of old Rise thronging in my haunted vision, And wake my spirit's young ambition.

But as radiant sunsets close Above Val d'Arno's bowers of rose, My soul forgets the olden glory, And deems our love a dearer story.

Thy words, in Memory's ear, outchime The music of the Tuscan rhyme; Thou standest here—the gentle-hearted—Amid the shades of bards departed.

I see before thee fade away
Their garlands of immortal bay,
And turn from Petrarch's passion-glances
To my own dearer heart-romances.

Sad is the opal glow that fires
The midnight of the cypress spires;
And cold the scented wind that closes
The heart of bright Etruscan roses.

The fair Italian dream I chaced, A single thought of thee effaced; For the true land of song and sun Lies in the heart that mine hath won.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Zara's Ear-Rings.

MY ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well,

And what to say to Muça, I cannot, cannot tell—'T was thus, Granada's fountain by, spoke Albuharez' daughter:—

The well is deep—far down they lie, beneath the cold blue water;

To me did Muça give them, when he spake his sad farewell, And what to say when he comes back, alas! I cannot tell.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—they were pearls in silver set, That, when my Moor was far away, I ne'er should him forget;

That I ne'er to other tongues should list, nor smile on other's tale,

But remember he my lips had kissed, pure as those ear-rings pale.

When he comes back, and hears that I have dropped them in the well,

Oh! what will Muça think of me?—I cannot, cannot tell!

My ear-rings! my ear-rings!—he'll say they should have been.

Not of pearl and of silver, but of gold and glittering sheen,
Of jasper and of onyx, and of diamond shining clear,
Changing to the changing light, with radiance insincere;
That changeful mind unchanging gems are not befitting
well:—

Thus will he think-and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

He'll think, when I to market went I loitered by the way;
He'll think a willing ear I lent to all the lads might say;
He'll think some other lover's hand, among my tresses
noosed,

From the ears where he had placed them my rings of pearl unloosed;

He'll think when I was sporting so beside his marble well, My pearls fell in—and what to say, alas! I cannot tell.

He'll say, I am a woman, and we are all the same; He'll say, I loved, when he was here to whisper of his flame— But when he went to Tunis, my virgin troth had broken, And thought no more of Muça, and cared not for his token. My ear-rings! my ear-rings: oh! luckless, luckless well,— For what to say to Muça—alas! I cannot tell.

I'll tell the truth to Muça—and I hope he will believe—
That I thought of him at morning and thought of him at
eve;

That, musing on my lover when down the sun was gone, His ear-rings in my hand I held, by the fountain all alone; And that my mind was o'er the sea when from my hand they fell,

And that deep his love lies in my heart, as they lie in the well.

ANONYMOUS. Spanish.

Translation of John Gibson Lockhart.

On the Cliff.

"SEE where the crest of the long promontory,
Decked by October in crimson and brown,
Lies like the scene of some fairy-land story,
Over the sands to the deep sloping down.
See the white mist on the hidden horizon
Hang like the folds of the curtain of fate;
See where you shadow the green water flies on,
Cast from a cloud for the conclave too late.

"See the small ripples in curving ranks chasing
Every light breeze running out from the shore,
Gleeful as children when merrily racing,
Hands interlocked, o'er a wide meadow floor.
See round the pier how the tossing wave sparkles,
Bright as the hope in a love-lighted breast;
See the one sail in the sunlight that darkles,
Laboring home from the land of the west.

"See the low surf where it restlessly tumbles,
Swiftly advancing, and then in retreat;
See how the tall cliff yields slowly and crumbles,
Sliding away to the waves at our feet.
Sure is thy victory, emblem of weakness,
Certain thine overthrow, ponderous wall;
Brittle is sternness, but mighty is meekness—
O wave that will conquer! O cliff that must fall!"

"Ah lady, how deep is the truth of your teaching!
All that delights and enthralls you I see;
But little you dream of the meaning far-reaching,
Yea more than you meant them, your words have
for me.
Light run my fancies that once were too sober;
All the fair land of the future lies spread
Brightly before me in hues of October;
Homeward, full laden, my ship turns her head.

"Dimly across them falls fate's mystic curtain—
If but thy fingers could draw it away,
Making the fanciful turn to the certain,
Then would the sounds and the sights of to-day
Ring like the strains of a ballad pathetic,
Heard when the voice of the singer is dumb;
Glow like the great words on pages prophetic,
Read when the fingers that wrote them are numb.

"Into the depths of thy dreamy eyes peering,
Watching thy lips for some shadowy sign,
Trembling in doubt betwixt hoping and fearing,
Stands my poor soul and appeals unto thine.
Barren as sea-sand is every ambition—
Pride proves of clay when its feet are revealed;
Only affection brings joy's full fruition—
O love that will triumph! O life that must yield!"
EDWIN R. JOHNSON.

Jamie's on the Stormy Sea.

ERE the twilight bat was flitting,
In the sunset, at her knitting,
Sang a lonely maiden, sitting
Underneath the threshold tree;
And as daylight died before us,
And the evening star shone o'er us,
Fitful rose her gentle chorus,—
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

Curfew bells remotely ringing,
Mingled with her sweet voice singing,
And the last red ray seemed clinging
Lingeringly to tower and tree,
And her evening song ascending,
With the scene and season blending,
Ever had the same low ending,—
"Jamie's on the stormy sea."

"Blow, thou west wind, blandly hover Round the bark that bears my lover; Blow and waft him safely over, To his own dear home and me; For when night-winds rend the willow, Sleep forsakes my lonely pillow, Thinking on the raging billow,— Jamie's on the stormy sea."

How could I but list, but linger
To the song, and near the singer,
Sweetly wooing heaven to bring her
Jamie from the stormy sea?
And while yet her voice did name me,
Forth I sprang—my heart o'ercame me,—
"Grieve no more, sweet; I am Jamie,
Home returned to love and thee."

ANONYMOUS.

Go, Forget Me.

Go, forget me—why should sorrow
O'er that brow a shadow fling?
Go, forget me—and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing.
Smile—though I shall not be near thee:
May thy soul with pleasure shine,
Lasting as the gloom of mine.

Like the sun, thy presence glowing,
Clothes the meanest things in light;
And when thou, like him, art going,
Loveliest objects fade in night.
All things looked so bright about thee,
That they nothing seem without thee;
By that pure and lucid mind
Earthly things were too refined.

Go, thou vision, wildly gleaming,
Softly on my soul that fell;
Go, for me no longer beaming—
Hope and Beauty! fare ye well!
Go, and all that once delighted
Take, and leave me all benighted—
Glory's burning, generous swell,
Fancy, and the Poet's shell.

CHARLES WOLFE.

Jeanie Morrison.

I'VE wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'T was then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'T was then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule,
Twa bairns, and but ae heart!

'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jeanie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent down ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

O, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
Whene'er the scule-weans, laughin', said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about—
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

O, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
'The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?

The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees—
And we, with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee
As closely twined wi' earliest thochts
As ye hae been to me?
O, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
O, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west, I've borne a weary lot; But in my wanderings, far or near, Ye never were forgot. The fount that first burst frae this heart Still travels on its way; And channels deeper, as it rins, The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I die,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

Catarina to Camoens.

N the door you will not enter,
I have gazed too long—adieu!
Hope withdraws her peradventure—
Death is near me, and not you!
Come, O lover!
Close and cover
These poor eyes, you called, I ween,
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen"

When I heard you sing that burden
In my vernal days and bowers,
Other praises disregarding
I but harkened that of yours, —
Only saying
In heart-playing,
"Blessèd eyes mine eyes have been,
If the sweetest HIS have seen!"

But all changes. At this vesper,
Cold the sun shines down the door.
If you stood there would you whisper
"Love, I love you," as before,—
Death pervading
Now, and shading
Eyes you sang of, that yestreen,
As the sweetest ever seen?

Yes! I think, were you beside them,
Near the bed I die upon,—
Though their beauty you denied them,
As you stood there looking down,
You would truly
Call them duly,
For the love's sake found therein,—
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

And if you looked down upon them,
And if they looked up to you,
All the light which has foregone them
Would be gathered back anew!
They would truly
Be as duly
Love-transformed to beauty's sheen,—
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

But, ah me! you only see me
In your thoughts of loving man,
Smiling soft perhaps and dreamy
Through the wavings of my fan,—
And unweeting
Go repeating,
In your reverie serene,
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

While my spirit leans and reaches
From my body still and pale,
Fain to hear what tender speech is
In your love, to help my bale—
O my poet,
Come and show it!
Come, of latest love, to glean
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

O my poet, O my prophet,
When you praised their sweetness so,
Did you think in singing of it,
That it might be near to go?
Had you fancies
From their glances,
That the grave would quickly screen
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen?"

No reply! The fountain's warble
In the court-yard sounds alone:
As the water to the marble
So my heart falls, with a moan,
From love-sighing
To this dying!
Death forerunneth Love, to win
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

Will you come, when I 'm departed
Where all sweetnesses are hid—
Where thy voice, my tender-hearted,
Will not lift up either lid?
Cry, O lover,
Love is over!
Cry beneath the cypress green—
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen!"

When the angelus is ringing,

Near the convent will you walk,

And recall the choral singing

Which brought angels down our talk?

Spirit-shriven

I viewed Heaven,

Till you smiled—"Is earth unclean,

Sweetest eyes, were ever seen?"

When beneath the palace-lattice
You ride slow as you have done,
And you see a face there—that is
Not the old familiar one,—
Will you oftly
Murmur softly,
"Here ye watched me morn and e'en,
Sweetest eyes, were ever seen!"

When the palace-ladies, sitting
Round your gittern, shall have said,
"Poet, sing those verses written
For the lady who is dead,"—
Will you tremble,
Yet dissemble,—
Or sing hoarse, with tears between,
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen?"

Sweetest eyes! How sweet in flowings
The repeated cadence is!
Though you sang a hundred poems,
Still the best one would be this.
I can hear it
'Twixt my spirit
And the earth-noise, intervene—
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen!"

But the priest waits for the praying,
And the choir are on their knees,—
And the soul must pass away in
Strains more solemn high than these!
Miserere

For the weary—
Oh, no longer for Catrine,
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen!"

Keep my riband, take and keep it,—
I have loosed it from my hair;
Feeling, while you overweep it,
Not alone in your despair,—
Since with saintly
Watch, unfaintly,
Out of Heaven shall o'er you lean
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

But—but now—yet unremovèd
Up to heaven they glisten fast:
You may cast away, Belovèd,
In your future, all my past;
Such old phrases
May be praises
For some fairer bosom-queen—
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen!"

Eyes of mine, what are ye doing?
Faithless, faithless—praised amiss,
If a tear be of your showing,
Dropt for any hope of HIS!
Death hath boldness
Besides coldness,
If unworthy tears demean
"Sweetest eyes, were ever seen."

I will look out to his future—
I will bless it till it shine:

Should he ever be a suitor

Unto sweeter eyes than mine,

Sunshine gild them,

Angels shield them,

Whatsoever eyes terrene

Be the sweetest HIS have seen!

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Locksley Hall.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet 'tis early morn:

Leave me here, and when you want me, sound upon the bugle horn.

Tis the place, and all around it, as of old, the curlews call,

Dreary gleams about the moorland flying over Locksley Hall;

Locksley Hall, that in the distance overlooks the sandy tracts,

And the hollow ocean-ridges roaring into cataracts.

Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,

Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising through the mellow shade,

Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sub-

With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed; When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would
be.——

In the Spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;

In the Spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove; In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Then her cheek was pale and thinner than should be for one so young,

And her eyes on all my motions with a mute observance hung.

And I said, "My cousin Amy, speak, and speak the truth to me;

Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

On her pallid cheek and forehead came a color and a light, As I have seen the rosy red flushing in the northern night.

And she turned—her bosom shaken with a sudden storm of sighs—

All the spirit deeply dawning in the dark of hazel eyes—

Saying, "I have hid my feelings, fearing they should do me wrong;"

Saying, "Dost thou love me, cousin?" weeping, "I have loved thee long.'

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;

Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight.

Many a morning on the moorland did we hear the copses ring,

And her whisper thronged my pulses with the fullness of the Spring.

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,

And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.

O my cousin, shallow-hearted! O my Amy, mine no more! O the dreary, dreary moorland! O the barren, barren shore!

Falser than all fancy fathoms, falser than all songs have sung,

Puppet to a father's threat, and servile to a shrewish tongue!

Is it well to wish thee happy?—having known me—to decline
On a range of lower feelings and a narrower heart than
mine!

Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day by day, What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay.

As the husband is, the wife is; thou art mated with a clown, And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down.

- He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
- Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse
- What is this? his eyes are heavy—think not they are glazed with wine.
- Go to him; it is thy duty—kiss him: take his hand in thine.
- It may be my lord is weary, that his brain is overwrought— Soothe him with thy finer fancies, touch him with thy lighter thought.
- He will answer to the purpose, easy things to understand— Better thou wert dead before me, though I slew thee with my hand!
- Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
- Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.
- Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth!
- Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!
- Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule!
- Cursed be the gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool!
- Well—'tis well that I should bluster!—Hadst thou less unworthy proved—
- Would to God—for I had loved thee more than ever wife was loved.
- Am I mad, that I should cherish that which bears but bitter fruit?
- I will pluck it from my bosom, though my heart be at the root!

- Never! though my mortal summers to such length of years should come
- As the many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.
- Where is comfort? in division of the records of the mind? ,

 Can I part her from herself, and love her, as I knew her,

 kind?
- I remember one that perished; sweetly did she speak and move;
- Such a one do I remember, whom to look at was to love.
- Can I think of her as dead, and love her for the love she bore?
- No—she never loved me truly: love is love for evermore.
- Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
- That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
- Drug thy memories, lest thou learn it, lest thy heart be put to proof,
- In the dead unhappy night, and when the rain is on the roof.
- Like a dog, he hunts in dreams, and thou art staring at the wall,
- Where the dying night-lamp flickers, and the shadows rise and fall.
- Then a hand shall pass before thee, pointing to his drunken sleep,
- To thy widowed marriage-pillows, to the tears that thou wilt weep.

- Thou shalt hear the "Never, never," whispered by the phantom years,
- And a song from out the distance in the ringing of thine ears;
- And an eye shall vex thee, looking ancient kindness on thy gain,
- Turn thee, turn thee on thy pillow: get thee to thy rest again.
- Nay, but Nature brings thee solace; for a tender voice will cry.
- 'Tis a purer life than thine; a lip to drain thy trouble dry.
- Baby lips will laugh me down: my latest rival brings thee rest—
- Baby fingers, waxen touches, press me from the mother's breast.
- O, the child too clothes the father with a dearness not his due:
- Half is thine and half is his-it will be worthy of the two.
- O, I see thee old and formal, fitted to thy petty part,
 With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's
 heart.
- "They were dangerous guides, the feelings—she herself was not exempt—
- Truly, she herself had suffered"—Perish in thy self-contempt!
- Overlive it—lower yet—be happy! wherefore should I care? I must mix myself with action, lest I wither by despair.
- What is that which I should turn to, lighting upon days like these?
- Every door is barred with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

Every gate is thronged with suitors, all the markets overflow. I have but an angry fancy: what is that which I should do?

I had been content to perish, falling on the foeman's ground, When the ranks are rolled in vapor, and the winds are laid with sound:—

But the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels,

And the nations do but murmur, snarling at each other's heels.

Can I but relive in sadness? I will turn that earlier page. Hide me from my deep emotion, O thou wondrous Mother-Age!

Make me feel the wild pulsation that I felt before the strife, When I heard my days before me, and the tumult of my life;

Yearning for the large excitement that the coming years would yield,

Eager-hearted as a boy when first he leaves his father's field,

And at night along the dusky highway near and nearer drawn;

Sees in heaven the light of London flaring like a dreary dawn;

And his spirit leaps within him to be gone before him then, Underneath the light he looks at, in among the throngs of men:—

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;

That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would
be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew

From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,

With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,

And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

So I triumphed, ere my passion sweeping through me, left me dry,

Left me with the palsied heart, and left me with the jaundiced eye;

Eye, to which all order festers, all things here are out of joint,

Science moves, but slowly, slowly, creeping on from point to point:

Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping nigher, Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire.

- Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
- And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns,
- What is that to him that reaps not harvest of his youthful joys,
- Though the deep heart of existence beat forever like a boy's?
- Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and I linger on the shore,
- And the individual withers, and the world is more and more.
- Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and he bears a laden breast,
- Full of sad experience, moving toward the stillness of his rest.
- Hark! my merry comrades call me, sounding on the buglehorn.
- They to whom my foolish passion were a target for their scorn:
- Shall it not be scorn to me to harp on such a mouldered string?
- I am shamed through all my nature to have loved so slight a thing.
- Weakness to be wroth with weakness! woman's pleasure, woman's pain—
- Nature made them blinder motions bounded in a shallower brain:
- Woman is the lesser man, and all thy passions, matched with mine,
- Are as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine-

Here at least, where nature sickens, nothing. Ah, for some retreat

Deep in yonder shining Orient, where my life began to beat;

Where in wild Mahratta-battle fell my father evil-starred; I was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Or to burst all links of habit—there to wander far away, On from island unto island at the gateways of the day.

Larger constellations burning, mellow moons and happy skies,

Breadths of tropic shade and palms in cluster, knots of Paradise.

Never comes the trader, never floats an European flag, Slides the bird o'er lustrous woodland, droops the trailer from the crag;

Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—

Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea.

There methinks would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,

In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

There the passions, cramped no longer, shall have scope and breathing-space;

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run.

Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun:

- Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
- Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books-
- Fool, again the dream, the fancy! but I know my words are wild.
- But I count the gray barbarian lower than the Christian child.
- I, to herd with narrow foreheads, vacant of our glorious gains,
- Like a beast with lower pleasures, like a beast with lower pains!
- Mated with a squalid savage—what to me were sun or clime?
- I the heir of all the ages, in the foremost files of time-
- I that rather held it better men should perish one by one, Than that earth should stand at gaze like Joshua's moon in Ajalon!
- Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
- Let the great world spin forever down the ringing grooves of change.
- Through the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day:
- Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
- Mother-age (for mine I knew not) help me as when life begun—
- Rift the hills, and roll the waters, flash the lightnings, weigh the Sun—
- O, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set; Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet.

Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Locksley Hall!

Now for me the woods may wither, now for me the roof-tree fall.

Comes a vapor from the margin, blackening over heath and holt,

Cramming all the blast before it, in its breast a thunderbolt.

Let it fall on Locksley Hall, with rain or hail, or fire or snow;

For the mighty wind arises, roaring seaward, and I go.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Maud Muller.

M AUD MULLER, on a summer's day, Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town, White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own, For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane, Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane. He drew his bridle in the shade Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up, And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees, Of the singing-birds and the humming-bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown, And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me! That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine, And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat; My brother should sail a painted boat, "I'd dress my mother so grand and gay, And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor, And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill, And saw Maud Muller standing still.

- "A form more fair, a face more sweet, Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.
- "And her modest answer and graceful air Show her wise and good as she is fair.
- "Would she were mine, and I to-day, Like her, a harvester of hay.
- "No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs, Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
- "But low of cattle and song of birds, And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold, And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on, And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon, When he hummed in court an old love tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well, Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower, Who lived for fashion, as he for power. Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow, He watched a bright picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red, He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms, To dream of meadows and clover blooms;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain, "Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor, And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain, Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again She saw a rider draw his rein,

And gazing down with a timid grace, She felt his pleased eyes read her face

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls Stretched away into stately halls The weary wheel to a spinnet turned, The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug, Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw, And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again, Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge!
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all, Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Knight Toggenburg.

"KNIGHT, to love thee like a sister Vows this heart to thee;
Ask no other, warmer feeling—
That were pain to me,
Tranquil would I see thy coming,
Tranquil see thee go;
What that starting tear would tell me,
I must never know."

He with silent anguish listens,
Though his heart-strings bleed;
Clasps her in his last embraces,
Springs upon his steed;
Summons every faithful vassal
From his Alpine home;
Binds the cross upon his bosom,
Seeks the Holy Tomb.

There full many a deed of glory
Wrought the hero's arm;
Foremost still his plumage floated
Where the foemen swarm;
Till the Moslem, terror-stricken,
Quailed before his name;
But the pang that wrings his bosom
Lives at heart the same.

One long year he bears his sorrow,
But no more can bear;
Rest he seeks, but finding never,
Leaves the army there;
Sees a ship by Joppa's haven,
Which, with swelling sail,
Wafts him where his lady's breathing
Mingles with the gale.

At her father's castle-portal
Hark! his knock is heard:
See! the gloomy gate uncloses
With the thunder-word:
"She thou seek'st is veiled forever,
Is the bride of heaven;
Yester-eve the vows were plighted—
She to God is given."

Then his old ancestral castle
He forever flees;
Battle-steed and trusty weapon
Never more he sees.
From the Toggenburg descending
Forth unknown he glides;
For the frame once sheathed in iron
Now the sackcloth hides.

There beside that hallowed region
He hath built his bower,
Where from out the dusky lindens
Looked the convent-tower;
Waiting from the morning's glimmer
Till the day was done,
Tranquil hope in every feature,
Sat he there alone.

Gazing upward to the convent
Hour on hour he passed;
Watching still his lady's lattice
Till it oped at last;
Till that form looked forth so lovely,
Till the sweet face smiled
Down into the lonesome valley,
Peaceful, angel-mild.

Then he laid him down to slumber,
Cheered by peaceful dreams,
Calmly waiting till the morning
Showed again its beams.
Thus for days he watched and waited,
Thus for years he lay,
Happy if he saw the lattice
Open day by day—

If that form looked forth so lovely,
If the sweet face smiled
Down into the lonesome valley,
Peaceful, angel-mild.
There a corse they found him sitting
Once when day returned,
Still his pale and placid features
To the lattice turned.

F. VON SCHILLER.

(Anonymous Translation.)

Stanzas.

Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!

A ND thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth:
And form so soft, and charms so rare
Too soon returned to earth!
Though earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not;
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And can'st not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou can'st not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine;
The sun that shines, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have passed away,
I might have watched through long decay.

The flower in ripened bloom unmatched Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatched,
The leaves must drop away.
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering leaf by leaf,
Than see it plucked to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
To see thy beauties fade;
The night that followed such a morn
Had worn a deeper shade;
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last,
Extinguished, not decayed:
As stars that shoot along the sky,
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept if I could weep,
My tears might well be shed
To think I was not near, to keep
One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a fond embrace,
Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free—
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than to remember thee!
The all of thee that cannot die
Through dark and dread eternity,
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught except its living years.

LORD BYRON.

Evelyn Hope.

BEAUTIFUL Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think;
The shutters are shut—no light may pass,
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!

Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love; beside,

Her life had many a hope and aim,

Duties enough and little cares; And now was quiet, now astir-Till God's hand beckoned unawares, And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope? What! your soul was pure and true; The good stars met in your horoscope, Made you of spirit, fire, and dew; And just because I was thrice as old, And our paths in the world diverged so wide, Each was naught to each, must I be told? We were fellow-mortals—naught beside?

No. indeed! for God above Is great to grant, as mighty to make, And creates the love to reward the love: I claim you still, for my own love's sake! Delayed, it may be, for more lives yet, Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few; Much is to learn, and much to forget, Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come—at last it will— When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say, In the lower earth—in the years long still— That body and soul so pure and gay; Why your hair was amber I shall divine, And your mouth of your own geranium's red-And what you would do with me, in fine, In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then, Given up myself so many times, Gained me the gains of various men, Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;

Yet one thing—one—in my soul's full scope, Either I missed or itself missed me— And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope! What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold
So, hush! I will give you this leaf to keep;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep:
You will wake, and remember, and understand.
ROBERT BROWNING.

Highland Mary.

YE banks, and braes, and streams around The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfald her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk!

How rich the hawthorn blossom!

As, underneath their fragrant shade,

I clasped her to my bosom!

The golden hours, on angel wings,

Flew o'er me and my dearie;

For dear to me as light and life

Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder;
But O! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

ROBERT BURNS.

When first I met Thee.

HEN first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, though false to all beside,
From me thou could'st not wander.
But go, deceiver! go.
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,

I fled the unwelcome story;

Or found, in e'en the faults they blamed,
Some gleams of future glory.

I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee;
The heart that now thy falsehood rends
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

E'en now, though youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee:
The few, who loved thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter, scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledged to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go—go—though worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendor!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When e'en those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost forever;
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smilés had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse,
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee;
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.
THOMAS MOORE.

The Specter Boat.

A RALLAD.

- L IGHT rued false Ferdinand to leave a lovely maid forlorn,
 Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing
 cheek from scorn.
- One night he dreamt he wooed her in their wonted bower of love.
- Where the flowers sprang thick around them, and the birds sang sweet above.
- But the scene was swiftly changed into a churchyard's dismal view,
- And her lips grew black beneath his kiss from love's delicious hue,
- What more he dreamt, he told to none; but, shuddering, pale, and dumb,
- Looked out upon the waves like one that knew his hour was come.
- 'T was now the dead watch of the night—the helm was lashed a-lee,
- And the ship rode where Mount Ætna lights the deep Levantine sea;
- When beneath its glare a boat came, rowed by a woman in her shroud,
- Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood up and spoke aloud:—
- "Come, traitor, down, for whom my ghost still wanders unforgiven!
- Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my peace with heaven!"
- It was vain to hold the victim, for he plunged to meet her call,
- Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing serpent's thrall.

You may guess the boldest mariner shrunk daunted from the sight,

For the Specter and her winding-sheet shone blue with hideous light;

Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of her hand, And round they went, and down they went, as the cock crew from the land.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

The Bridge of Sighs.

"Drowned! Drowned!"-HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate, Weary of breath, Rashly importunate, Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly, Lift her with care! Fashioned so slenderly— Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully! Think of her mournfully, Gently and humanly—Not of the stains of her; All that remains of her Now is pure womanly.

OUR POETICAL FAVORITES.

Make no deep scrutiny Into her mutiny, Rash and undutiful; Past all dishonor, Death has left on her Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers One of Eve's family Wipe those poor lips of hers, Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb—
Her fair auburn tresses—
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly— No matter how coldly The rough river ran— Over the brink of it! Picture it—think of it! Dissolute man! Lave in it, drink of it, Then, if you can! Take her up tenderly— Lift her with care! Fashioned so slenderly— Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smoothe and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when, with the daring
Last look of despairing,
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest!
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!
THOMAS HOOD.

Song.

THE heath this night must be my bed, The bracken curtain for my head, My lullaby the warder's tread, Far, far from love and thee, Mary; To-morrow eve, more stilly laid, My couch may be my bloody plaid, My vesper song thy wail, sweet maid! It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now The grief that clouds thy lovely brow; I dare not think upon thy vow, And all it promised me, Mary. No fond regret must Norman know; When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe, His heart must be like bended bow, His foot like arrow free, Mary,

A time will come with feeling fraught! For, if I fall in battle fought, Thy hapless lover's dying thought Shall be a thought on thee, Mary! And if returned from conquered foes, How blithely will the evening close, How sweet the linnet sing repose To my young bride and me, Mary! SIR WALTER SCOTT

Giving in Marriage.—(Songs of Set

To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews.
To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:—
This have I done when God drew near
Among his own to choose.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
And with thy lord depart,
In tears that he, as soon as shed,
Will let no longer smart.
To hear, to heed, to wed,
This while thou didst, I smiled;
For now it was not God who said,
"Mother, give ME thy child."

O fond, O fool and blind,
To God I gave with tears;
But when a man like grace would find,
My soul put by her fears:—
O fond, O fool and blind:
God guards in happier spheres;
That man will guard where he did bind,
Is hope for unknown years.

To hear, to heed, to wed,
Fair lot that maidens choose,
Thy mother's tenderest words are said,
Thy face no more she views.
Thy mother's lot, my dear,
She doth in nought accuse:
Her lot to bear, to nurse, to rear,
To love—and then to lose.

JEAN INCE!

My Bird.

E RE last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh! so lovingly,
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge, In winsome helplessness she lies; 'Two rose-leaves, with a silken fringe, Shut softly o'er her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
O God! thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters nevermore shall rest.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing,
To me, to me Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;
This life which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with Thine!

A silent awe is in my room,
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts, hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, O my God! one earnest prayer;
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel-plumage there!

EMILY C. JUDSON.

Philip, my King.

Who bears upon his baby brow the round and top of sovereignty.

DOK at me with thy large brown eyes,
Philip, my King!
For round thee the purple shadow lies
Of babyhood's regal dignities.
Lay on my neck thy tiny hand
With love's invisible scepter laden;
I am thine Esther, to command
Till thou shalt find thy queen-handmaiden,
Philip, my King!

Oh, the day when thou goest a-wooing,
Philip, my King!
When those beautiful lips are suing,
And, some gentle heart's bars undoing,
Thou dost enter, love-crowned, and there
Sittest love-glorified!—Rule kindly,
Tenderly, over thy kingdom fair;
For we that love, ah! we love so blindly,
Philip, my King!

I gaze from thy sweet mouth up to thy brow,
Philip, my King!
Ay, there lies the spirit, all sleeping now,
That may rise like a giant, and make men bow
As to one God-throned amidst his peers.
My Saul, than thy brethren higher and fairer
Let me behold thee in coming years!
Yet thy head needeth a circlet rarer,
Philip, my King—

A wreath, not of gold, but palm! One day,
Philip, my King!
Thou too must tread, as we trod, a way
Thorny, and bitter, and cold, and gray;
Rebels within thee, and foes without
Will snatch at thy crown. But go on, glorious
Martyr, yet monarch! till angels shout,
As thou sitt'st at the feet of God victorious,
"'Philip, the King!"
DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

The Children's Hour.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the children's hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet;
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper and then a silence, Yet I know by their merry eyes They are plotting and planning together To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway; A sudden raid from the hall; By three doors left unguarded They enter my castle-wall. They climb up into my turret,
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape they surround me,
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen,
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine.

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti, Because you have scaled the wall, Such an old mustache as I am Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you into the dungeon,
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever—
Yes, forever and a day;
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away.
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Angel Charlie.

HE came—a beauteous vision—
Then vanished from my sight;
His wing one moment cleaving
The blackness of my night;
My glad ear caught its rustle,
Then sweeping by, he stole
The dew-drop that his coming
Had cherished in my soul.

Oh, he had been my solace
When grief my spirit swayed,
And on his fragile being
Had tender hopes been stayed;
Where thought, where feeling lingered,
His form was sure to glide,
And in the lone night-watches
'Twas ever by my side.

He came; but as the blossom
Its petals closes up,
And hides them from the tempest
Within its sheltering cup,
So he his spirit gathered
Back to his frightened breast,
And passed from earth's grim threshold,
To be the Saviour's guest.

My boy—ah, me! the sweetness,
The anguish of that word!—
My boy, when in strange night-dreams
My slumbering soul is stirred;
When music floats around me,
When soft lips touch my brow,
And whisper gentle greetings,
Oh, tell me, is it thou?

I know by one sweet token
My Charlie is not dead;
One golden clue he left me
As on his track he sped;
Were he some gem or blossom,
But fashioned for to-day,
My love would slowly perish
With his dissolving clay.

Oh, by this deathless yearning,
Which is not idly given;
By the delicious nearness
My spirit feels to heaven;
By dreams that throng my night-sleep,
By visions of the day,
By whispers when I'm erring,
By promptings when I pray;—

I know this life so cherished,
Which sprang beneath my heart,
Which formed of my own being
So beautiful a part;
This precious, winsome creature,
My unfledged, voiceless dove,
Lifts now a seraph's pinion,
And warbles lays of love.

Oh, I would not recall thee,
My glorious angel-boy!
Thou needest not my bosom,
Rare bird of light and joy!
Here dash I down the tear-drops
Still gathering in my eyes;
Blest—oh how blest!—in adding
A seraph to the skies!
EMILY C. JUDSON.

Song of Pitcairn's Island.

OME, take our boy, and we will go Before our cabin door; The winds shall bring us, as they blow, The murmurs of the shore; And we will kiss his young blue eyes, And I will sing him, as he lies, Songs that were made of yore; I'll sing in his delighted ear The island songs thou lov'st to hear.

And thou, while stammering I repeat,
Thy country's tongue shalt teach;
'Tis not so soft, but far more sweet
Than my own native speech:
For thou no other tongue didst know,
When scarcely twenty moons ago,
Upon Tahiti's beach
Thou cam'st to woo me to be thine
With many a speaking look and sign.

I knew thy meaning—thou didst praise
My eyes, my locks of jet:
Ah! well for thee they won thy gaze!
But thine were fairer yet!
I'm glad to see our infant wear
Thy soft blue eyes and sunny hair,
And when my sight is met
By his soft brow, and blooming cheek
I feel a joy I cannot speak.

Come, talk of Europe's maids with me, Whose neck and cheeks, they tell, Outshine the beauty of the sea, White foam, and crimson shell. I'll shape like theirs my simple dress, And bind like them each jetty tress, A sight to please thee well: And for my dusky brow will braid A bonnet, like an English maid.

Come, for the soft, low sunlight calls;
We lose the pleasant hours:
'Tis lovelier than these cottage walls,
That seat among the flowers;
And I will learn of thee a prayer
To Him who gave a home so fair,
A lot so blest as ours—
The God who gave to thee and me
This sweet lone isle amid the sea.
WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

If Thou wert by my side.

If thou wert by my side, my love, How fast would evening fail In green Bengala's palmy grove Listening the nightingale!

If thou, my love, wert by my side, My babies at my knee, How gayly would our pinnace glide O'er Gunga's mimic sea!

I miss thee at the dawning gray, When, on our deck reclined, In careless ease my limbs I lay, And woo the cooler wind.

I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

I spread my books, my pencil try, The lingering noon to cheer, But miss thy kind, approving eye, Thy meek, attentive ear. But when of morn or eve the star Beholds me on my knee, I feel, though thou art distant far, Thy prayers ascend for me.

Then on! then on! where duty leads, My course be onward still; O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads, O'er bleak Almorah's hill.

That course, nor Delhi's kingly gates, Nor wild Malwah detain; For sweet the bliss us both awaits By yonder western main.

Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea;
But ne'er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee!
BISHOP HEBER.

The Soldier's Dream.

OUR bugles sang truce; for the night-cloud had lowered, And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky; And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered— The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw, By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain, At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw, And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us!—rest; thou art weary and worn!—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

Stanzas to Augusta.

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,
And the star of my fate hath declined,
Thy soft heart refused to discover
The faults which so many could find;
Though thy soul with my grief was acquainted,
It shrunk not to share it with me,
And the love which my spirit hath painted
It never hath found but in thee.

Then when nature around me is smiling,
The last smile which answers to mine,
I do not believe it beguiling,
Because it reminds me of thine;
And when winds are at war with the ocean,
As the breasts I believed in with me,
If their billows excite an emotion,
It is that they bear me from thee.

Though the rock of my last hope is shivered,
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,
Though I feel that my soul is delivered
To pain—it shall not be its slave.
There is many a pang to pursue me;
They may crush, but they shall not contemn—
They may torture, but shall not subdue me—
'T is of thee that I think—not of them.

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake;
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slandered, thou never couldst shake.
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly;
Though watchful, 't was not to defame me,
Nor mute, that the world might belie.

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,
Nor the war of the many with one—
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,
'T was folly not sooner to shun;
And if dearly that error hath cost me,
And more than I once could foresee,
I have found that, whatever it lost me,
It could not deprive me of thee.

From the wreck of the past which hath perished
Thus much I at least may recall;—
It hath taught me that what I most cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all.
In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wild waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

LORD BYRON.

Apres.

DOWN, down, Ellen, my little one—
Climbing so tenderly up to my knee;
Why should you add to the thoughts that are taunting me,
Dreams of your mother's arms clinging to me?

Cease, cease, Ellen, my little one—
Warbling so fairily close to my ear;
Why should you choose, of all songs that are haunting me,
This that I made for your mother to hear?

Hush, hush, Ellen, my little one—
Wailing so wearily under the stars;
Why should I think of her tears, that make light to me,
Love that had made life, and sorrow that mars?

Sleep, sleep, Ellen, my little one—
Is she not like her, whenever she stirs?
Has she not eyes that will soon be as bright to me,
Lips that will some day be honeyed, like hers?

Yes, yes, Ellen, my little one—
Though her white bosom is stilled in the grave,
Something more white than her bosom is spared to me,
Something to cling to, and something to crave:

Love, love, Ellen, my little one!

Love indestructible, love undefiled,

Love through all deeps of her spirit, lies bared to me,

Oft as I look on the face of her child.

ARTHUR J. MUNBY.

Farewell to his Wife.

FARE thee well! and if forever, Still forever, fare thee well; Even though unforgiving, never 'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.

Would that breast were bared before thee Where thy head so oft hath lain, While that placid sleep came o'er thee Which thou ne'er canst know again.

Would that breast by thee glanced over
Every inmost thought could show,
Then thou wouldst at last discover
'T was not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend thee—
Though it smile upon the blow,
E'en its praises must offend thee
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me, Could no other arm be found Than the one which once embraced me, To inflict a cureless wound?

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not; Love may sink by slow decay; But, by sudden wrench, believe not Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own its life retaineth—
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;
And the undying thought which paineth
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow Than the wail above the dead; Both shall live, but every morrow Wake us from a widowed bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather, When our child's first accents flow, Wilt thou teach her to say "Father!" Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lips to thine is pressed,
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed!

Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more may'st see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.

All my faults, perchance, thou knowest, All my madness none can know; All my hopes, where'er thou goest,— Wither, yet with *thee* they go.

Every feeling hath been shaken;
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,
E'en my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done—all words are idle— Words from me are vainer still; Yet the thoughts we cannot bridle Force their way without the will.

Fare thee well! thus disunited,

Torn from every nearer tie,

Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,

More than this I scarce can die!

LORD BYRON.

Watching.

CLEEP, love, sleep! The dusty day is done. Lo! from afar the freshening breezes sweep Wide over groves of balm, Down from the towering palm, In at the open casement cooling run, And round thy lowly bed, Thy bed of pain, Bathing thy patient head, Like grateful showers of rain, They come; While the white curtains, waving to and fro. Fan the sick air: And pityingly the shadows come and go, With gentle human care, Compassionate and dumb.

The dusty day is done,
The night begun;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!
Is there no magic in the touch
Of fingers thou dost love so much?
Fain would they scatter poppies o'er thee now;
Or, with its mute caress,
The tremulous lip some soft nepenthe press
Upon thy weary lid and aching brow;
While prayerful watch I keep,
Sleep, love, sleep!

On the pagoda spire
The bells are swinging,
Their little golden circlet in a flutter
With tales the wooing winds have dared to utter,

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Till all are ringing,
As if a choir
Of golden-nested birds in heaven were singing;
And with a lulling sound
The music floats around,
And drops like balm into the drowsy ear;
Commingling with the hum
Of the Sepoy's distant drum,
And lazy beetle ever droning near.
Sounds these of deepest silence born,
Like night made visible by morn;
So silent that I sometimes start
To hear the throbbings of my heart,
And watch, with shivering sense of pain,
To see thy pale lids lift again.

The lizard, with his mouse-like eyes, Peeps from the mortise in surprise At such strange quiet after day's harsh din; Then boldly ventures out, And looks about, And with his hollow feet Treads his small evening beat, Darting upon his prey In such a tricky, winsome sort of way, His delicate marauding seems no sin. And still the curtains swing, But noiselessly: The bells a melancholy murmur ring, As tears were in the sky: More heavily the shadows fall, Like the black foldings of a pall, Where juts the rough beam from the wall; The candles flare With fresher gusts of air; The beetle's drone Turns to a dirge-like solitary moan; Night deepens, and I sit, in cheerless doubt, alone. EMILY C. JUDSON.

My Angel Guide.

I GAZED down life's dim labyrinth,
A wildering maze to see,
Crossed o'er by many a tangled clue,
And wild as wild could be;
And as I gazed in doubt and dread,
An angel came to me.

I knew him for a heavenly guide,
I knew him even then,
Though meekly as a child he stood
Among the sons of men;
By his deep spirit loveliness
I knew him even then.

And as I leaned my weary head
Upon his proffered breast,
And scanned the peril-haunted wild
From out my place of rest,
I wondered if the shining ones
Of Eden were more blest.

For there was light within my soul,
Light on my peaceful way;
And all around the blue above
The clustering starlight lay;
And easterly I saw upreared
The pearly gates of day.

So, hand in hand we trod the wild,
My angel-love and I—
His lifted wing all quivering
With tokens from the sky—
Strange, my dull thought could not divine
'Twas lifted—but to fly!

Again down life's dim labyrinth
I grope my way alone,
While wildly through the midnight sky
Black hurrying clouds are blown,
And thickly, in my tangled path,
The sharp, bare thorns are sown.

Yet firm my foot, for well I know
The goal cannot be far;
And ever through the rifted clouds
Shines out one steady star—
For when my guide went up he left
The pearly gates ajar.

EMILY C. JUDSO:

Old Folks.

A H! don't be sorrowful, darling, And don't be sorrowful, pray; Taking the year together, my dear, There isn't more night than day.

'Tis rainy weather, my darling,
Time's waves, they heavily run;
But taking the year together, my dear,
There isn't more cloud than sun.

We are old folks now, my darling, Our hearts, they are growing gray; But taking the year all round, my dear, You will always find the May.

We have had our May, my darling,
And our roses long ago,
And the time of the year is coming, my dear,
For the silent night and the snow.

And God is God, my darling,
Of night as well as of day,
And we feel and know that we can go
Wherever He leads the way.

Ay! God of the night, my darling,
Of the night of death so grim;
The gate that leads out of life, good wife,
Is the gate that leads to Him.

Anonymous.

The Last Leaf.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin

For me to sit and grin

At him here:

But the old three-cornered hat,

And the breeches, and all that,

Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring—
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

What the End shall be.

WHEN another life is added
To the heaving, turbid mass;
When another breath of being
Stains creation's tarnished glass;
When the first cry, weak and piteous,
Heralds long-enduring pain,
And a soul from non-existence
Springs, that ne'er can die again;
When the mother's passionate welcome,
Sorrow-like, bursts forth in tears,
And a sire's self-gratulation
Prophesies of future years,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When across the infant features
Trembles the faint dawn of mind,
And the heart looks from the windows
Of the eyes that were so blind;
When the inarticulate murmurs
Syllable each swaddled thought,
To the fond ear of affection
With a boundless promise fraught;
Kindling great hopes for to-morrow
From that dull, uncertain ray,
As by glimmering of the twilight
Is foreshown the perfect day,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the boy, upon the threshold Of his all-comprising home, Puts aside the arm maternal That enlocks him ere he roam: When the canvas of his vessel
Flutters to the favoring gale,
Years of solitary exile
Hid behind the sunny sail:
When his pulses beat with ardor,
And his sinews stretch for toil,
And a hundred bold emprises
Lure him to that eastern soil,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the youth beside the maiden
Looks into her credulous eyes,
And the heart upon the surface
Shines too happy to be wise;
He by speeches less than gestures
Hinteth what her hopes expound,
Laying out the waste hereafter
Like enchanted garden-ground;
He may falter—so do many;
She may suffer—so must all:
Both may yet, world-disappointed,
This lost hour of love recall,—

It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

When the altar of religion
Greets the expectant bridal pair,
And the vow that lasts till dying
Vibrates on the sacred air;
When man's lavish protestations
Doubts of after-change defy,
Comforting the frailer spirit
Bound his servitor for aye;
When beneath love's silver moonbeams
Many rocks in shadow sleep,

Undiscovered, till possession
Shows the danger of the deep,—
It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.

Whatsoever is beginning,
That is wrought by human skill;
Every daring emanation
Of the mind's ambitious will:
Every first impulse of passion,
Gush of love or twinge of hate;
Every launch upon the waters
Wide-horizoned by our fate;
Every venture in the chances
Of life's sad, oft desperate game,
Whatsoever be our motive,
Whatsoever be our aim,—

It is well we cannot see
What the end shall be.
ANONYMOUS.

Affliction one Day

A FFLICTION one day, as she harked to the roar Of the stormy and struggling billow,

Drew a beautiful form on the sands of the shore

With the stem of a weeping willow.

Jupiter, struck with the noble plan,

As he roamed on the marge of the ocean,

Breathed on the figure, and, calling it man,

Endowed it with life and with motion.

A creature so wondrous in mind and in frame, So endowed with each parent's expression, Among them a point of contention became, Each claiming the right Of possession. He is mine, said Affliction, I gave him his birth, I alone am his cause of creation: The material was furnished by me, answered Earth, I gave him, said Jove, animation.

So the Gods, all assembled in solemn divan, To list to each claimant's petition, Pronounced their definitive sentence on man, And thus settled his fate's disposition: Let Affliction possess her own child till the woes Of life cease to harass and goad it, Then his body return to the earth whence it rose, And his spirit to Jove who bestowed it.

HORACE SMITH.

Lines on a Skeleton.

BEHOLD this ruin! 't is a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full! This narrow cell was life's retreat, This space was thought's mysterious seat. What beauteous pictures filled this spot— What dreams of pleasure, long forgot! Nor grief, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear, Has left one trace or record here!

Beneath this mouldering canopy Once shone the bright and busy eye: Yet start not at that dismal void: If social love that eye employed, If with no lawless fire it gleamed, But through the dew of kindness beamed, That eye shall be forever bright When stars and suns have lost their light. Here, in this silent cavern, hung The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue: If falsehood's honey it disdained, And, where it could not praise, was chained: If bold in virtue's cause it spoke, Yet gentle concord never broke, That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee When death unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine, Or with its envied rubies shine? To hew the rock or wear the gem, Can nothing now avail to them: But if the page of truth they sought, And comfort to the mourners brought, These hands a richer meed shall claim Than all that waits on wealth or fame!

Avails it whether bare or shod Those feet the paths of duty trod? If from the bowers of joy they sped To soothe affliction's humble bed; If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned, And home to virtue's lap returned, Those feet with angels' wings shall vie, And tread the palace of the sky!

Anonymous.

Youth, that Pursuest.

OUTH, that pursuest, with such eager pace, Thy even way, Thou pantest on to win a mournful race; Then stay! oh stay!

Pause and luxuriate on thy sunny plain;
Loiter—enjoy;
Once past, thou never wilt come back again,
A second boy.

The hills of manhood wear a noble face
When seen from far;
The mist of light from which they take their grace,
Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know;
And how it leads to regions never green,
Dead fields of snow.

Pause while thou may'st, nor deem that fate thy gain,
Which, all too fast,
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
A man at last.

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Maidenhood.

M AIDEN! with the meek, brown eyes, In whose orbs a shadow lies, Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun, Golden tresses wreathed in one, As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet, Where the brook and river meet, Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse \(\)

Deep and still that gliding stream Beautiful to thee must seem As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision, When bright angels in thy vision, Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by, As the dove, with startled eye, Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hear'st thou voices on the shore, That our ears perceive no more, Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers! Life hath quicksands—life hath snares; Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune, Morning rises into noon, May glides onward into June!

Childhood is the bough where slumbered Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—Age, that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather then each flower that grows, When the young heart overflows, To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand; Gates of brass cannot withstand One touch of that magic wand.

Bear, through sorrow, wrong, and ruth, In thy heart the dew of youth, On thy lips the smile of truth. O that dew like balm shall steal Into wounds that cannot heal, E'en as sleep our eyes doth seal:

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,

She was a Phantom of Delight.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn—
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature, not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food—
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;

The reason firm, the temperate will, Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill. A perfect woman, nobly planned, To warn, to comfort, and command; And yet a spirit still, and bright With something of an angel light.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Lucy.

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways Beside the springs of Dove, A maid whom there were none to praise, And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!—
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, O!
The difference to me!

Three years she grew in sun and shower;
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things,

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend:
Nor shall she fail to see,
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake.—The work was done—How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

At the Window.

THE lady she sits at her window;
I sit at my window and look,
And my fancies flock gladly toward her,
As young swans flock forth to a brook,
And I catch from her bright face the pleasure
I draw from an affluent book.

I scarce know the name of the lady,
She never has spoken to me;
But I know, by infallible symbols,
That whatever her history be,
Her soul is as brave as the mountains—
Her heart is as deep as the sea.

Sometimes her white fingers fly deftly
All day with the needle and thread;
And sometimes o'er lark-throated poems
She droopeth her beautiful head,
And sometimes she waits on the people
Whose custom assureth her bread.

For she is but a clerk, is this lady;
A salaried clerk in a store,
With the blessing of labor upon her:
(Not curse, as was written of yore.)
And—judged by the palpable outward—
I should hazard the guess she was poor.

But of comforts, and riches, and splendors,
Which silver and gold cannot buy;
The things which make royal the forehead,
Which set a delight in the eye,
And crown us with glories and lusters
As the stars of the Lord crown the sky—

Of these—the deep spiritual graces
Which give unto life its divine,
Transform with miraculous touches
The water of being to wine,
And quicken the sap of the human
Till the drear places blossom and shine—

She has crystalline caskets and coffers,
With broad open lips to receive
The silent ineffable helpings
God's angels are gladdened to give,
Beyond half the diademed princes,
And millionaired monarchs who live.

And something about her most subtly
Reminds me of daisies and birds:
Of smells of mown hay in the meadows,
Of sweet tunes to beautiful words;
And of one who clung close to my bosom,
Before she was clasped to the Lord's.

Thus being so minded and bettered,
Because of the claims she has brought;
The rest to my trouble of spirit,
The peace to the ache in my thought,
And the cooing of doves in the passions
Where devils have wrestled and wrought,

All paths which the lady may travel,
My blessings shall conquer; that so
No roughness may bruise her, no waters
Be bitter or brackish with woe,
While the blue heavens brood softly above her,
And the grass groweth greenly below.

RICHARD REALF.

Maud and Madge.

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in their chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille, Idly they laughed like other girls, Who over the fire, when all is still, Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace, Knots of flowers, and ribbons, too, Scattered about in every place, For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,

The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,

For the revel is done:—

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,

Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,

And the little bare feet are cold:

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,

The prettiest night-gowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,

After the revel is done

Float along in a splendid dream,

To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,

While a thousand lusters shimmering stream

In a palace's grand saloon,

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces, Tropical odors sweeter than musk, Men and women with beautiful faces, And eyes of tropical dusk.

And one face shining out like a star,

One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice, sweeter than others are,

Breaking in silvery speech;

Telling through lips of bearded bloom
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lover's talk,
He claimeth one for his bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together, With never a pang of jealous fear! For, ere the bitter St. Agnes weather Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal and robed for the tomb, Braided brown hair and golden tress, There'll be only one of you left for the bloom Of the bearded lips to press.

Only one for the bridal pearls,

The robe of satin and Brussels lace—
Only one to blush through her curls

At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white!

For you the revel has just begun;

But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night

The revel of Life is done!

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of Heaven and bride of the sun,
O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won!

NORA PERRY.

Time's Changes.

I SAW her once—so freshly fair,
That like a blossom just unfolding,
She opened to life's cloudless air,
And Nature joyed to view its moulding:
Her smile, it haunts my memory yet;
Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing;
Her rosebud mouth, her eyes of jet,
Around on all their light bestowing.
Oh, who could look on such a form,
So nobly free, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly storm
Should dim such sweet, delicious splendor?
For in her mien, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Nought could the raptured gazer trace
But Beauty's glow and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an altered charm,
But still of magic richest, rarest,
Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
Though yet of earthly sights the fairest;

Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother,
Which ever to her smiling smiled—
They seemed to live but in each other.
But matron cares or lurking woe
Her thoughtless, sinless look had banished,
And from her cheeks the roseate glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanished;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some visioned woe
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree In widow's garments had arrayed her: Yet beautiful she seemed to be As even my reveries portraved her: The glow, the glance, had passed away, The sunshine and the sparkling glitter-Still, though I noted pale decay, The retrospect was scarcely bitter; For, in their place a calmness dwelt, Serene, subduing, soothing, holy, In feeling which, the bosom felt That every louder mirth is folly— A pensiveness, which is not grief; A stillness, as of sunset streaming A fairy glow on flower and leaf, Till earth looks like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
From whence the spark had fled forever!
I gazed—my heart was like to burst—
And, as I thought of years departed—
The years wherein I saw her first,
When she, a girl, was lightsome-hearted—

And as I mused on later days,
When moved she in her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the blaze
Of ripened hope and sunny beauty—
I felt the chill—I turned aside—
Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me;
And Being seemed a troubled tide,
Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!
WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

Daughters of Toil.

PALE with want and still despair,
And faint with hastening others' gain!
Whose finely fibered natures bear
The double curse of work and pain;
Whose days are long with toil unpaid,
And short to meet the crowding want;
Whose nights are short for rest delayed,
And long for stealthy fears to haunt—

To whom my lady, hearing faint
The distance-muffled cry of need,
Grants, through some alms-dispensing saint,
The cup of water, cold indeed;
The while my lord, pursuing gains
Amid the market's sordid strife,
With wageless labor from your veins
Wrings out the warm, red wine of life,—

What hope for you that better days
Shall climb the yet unreddened east?
When famine in the morning slays,
Why look for joy at mid-day feast?

Far shines the Good, and faintly throws
A doubtful gleam through mist and rain;
But evil Darkness presses close
His face against the window-pane.

What hope for you that mansions free
Await in some diviner sphere,
Whose sapphire walls can never be
Devoured, like widows' houses here?
Too close these narrow walls incline,
This slender daylight beams too pale,
For Heaven's all-loving warmth to shine,
Or God's blue tenderness avail.

O brothers! sisters! who would fain
Some balm of healing help apply—
Cheer some one agony of pain,
One note of some despairing cry—
Whose good designs uncertain wait,
By tangled social bands perplexed,
O, read the sacred sentence straight:
Do justice first—love mercy next!

EVANGELINE M. JOHNSON.

The Convict Ship.

M ORN on the waters!—and purple and bright
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light!
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on:
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennant streams onward, like hope in the gale!
The winds come around her in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along!

Upward she points to the golden-edged clouds, And the sailor sings gayly aloft in the shrouds; Onward she glides amid ripple and spray, Over the waters—away and away—Bright as the visions of youth ere they part, Passing away like a dream of the heart! Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by, Music around her, and sunshine on high—Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow, Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below?

Night on the waves !-- and the moon is on high. Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky; Treading its depths in the power of her might, Turning the clouds as they pass her to light.-Look to the waters-asleep on their breast, Seems not the ship like an island of rest? Bright and alone on the shadowy main, Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain! Who-as she smiles in the silvery light, Spreading her wings on the bosom of night, Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky, A phantom of beauty—could deem with a sigh. That so lovely a thing is a mansion of sin, And hearts that are smitten lie bursting within? Who, as he watches her silently gliding, Remembers that wave after wave is dividing Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever, Hearts that are parted and broken forever? Or deems that he watches, affoat on the wave, The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life while it passes along, Like a vessel at sea amid sunshine and song! Gayly we glide in the gaze of the world, With streamers affoat and with canvas unfurled; All gladness and glory to wandering eyes—
Yet chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs,
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on—just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below:
And the vessel drives on to that desolate shore,
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'eri
THOMAS K. HERVEY.

When from the Heart.

HEN from the heart where Sorrow sits

Her dusky shadow mounts too high,

And o'er the changing aspect flits,

And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;

Heed not the gloom that soon shall sink,

My thoughts their dungeon know too well;

Back to my heart the captives shrink,

And bleed within their silent cell.

LORD BYRON.

The Long-Ago.

EYES, which can but ill define
Shapes that rise about and near,—
Through the far horizon's line
Stretch a vision free and clear;
Memories, feeble to retrace
Yesterday's immediate flow,—
Find a dear familiar face
In each hour of Long-ago.

Follow yon majestic train
Down the slopes of old renown;
Knightly forms without disdain,
Sainted heads without a frown:
Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
In the plains of Long-ago.

As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy;
So, remindful of the prime,
Spirits wandering to and fro,
Rest upon the resting-time
In the peace of Long-ago.

Youthful Hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure desire
On the altars it bereaves;
But the light that fills the Past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower.
Thoughts, that hardly flourish here,
Feelings, long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high;
Sorrows—that are sorrows still—
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years;
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong;
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong:—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its Heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.
RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Sunken Treasures.

WHEN the uneasy waves of life subside,
And the smoothed ocean sleeps in glassy rest,
I see, submerged beyond or storm or tide,
The treasures gathered in its greedy breast,

There still they shine through the translucent Past,
Far down on that forever quiet floor;
No fierce upheaval of the deep shall cast
Them back—no wave shall wash them to the shore.

I see them gleaming, beautiful as when
Erewhile they floated, convoys of my fate;
The barks of lovely women, noble men,
Full-sailed with hope, and stored with Love's own freight.

The sunken ventures of my heart as well
Look up to me, as perfect as at dawn;
My golden palace heaves beneath the swell
To meet my touch, and is again withdrawn.

There sleep the early triumphs, cheaply won,
That led Ambition to his utmost verge;
And still his visions, like a drowning sun,
Send up receding splendors through the surge.

There wait the recognitions, the quick ties,
Whence the heart knows its kin, wherever cast;
And there the partings, when the wistful eyes
Caress each other as they look their last.

There lie the summer eves, delicious eves,
The soft green valleys drenched with light divine,
The lisping murmurs of the chestnut leaves,
The hand that lay, the eyes that looked in mine.

There lives the hour of fear and rapture yet,
The perilled climax of the passionate years;
There still the rains of wan December wet
A naked mound—I cannot see for tears!

There are they all; they do not fade or waste, Lapped in the arms of the embalming brine; More fair than when their beings mine embraced,— Of nobler aspect, beauty more divine. I see them all, but stretch my hands in vain; No deep-sea plummet reaches where they rest; No cunning diver shall descend the main, And bring a single jewel from its breast.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Oft, in the Stilly Night.

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain hath bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

AROOM CAMOHT

Tow Many now are Dead to Me.

HOW many now are dead to me,
That live to others yet!
How many are alive to me,
Who crumble in their graves, nor see
That sickening, sinking look which we,
Till dead, can ne'er forget!

Beyond the blue seas far away,
Most wretchedly alone,
One died in prison, far away,
Where stone on stone shut out the day,
And never hope nor comfort's ray
In his lone dungeon shone.

Dead to the world, alive to me,

Though months and years have passed,
In some lone hour his sigh to me
Comes like the hum of some wild bee,
And then his form and face I see,
As when I saw him last.

And one with a bright lip, and cheek,
And eye, is dead to me:
How pale the bloom of his smooth cheek!
His heart was cold, for it did not break;
His lip was dead, for it did not speak,
And his eye, for it did not see.

Then for the living be the tomb,
And for the dead the smile;
Engrave oblivion on the tomb
Of pulseless life, and senseless bloom:—
Dim is such glare, but bright the gloom
Around the funeral pile.

JOHN G. C. BRAINARD.

"Break, Break, Break."

BREAK, break, break
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,

To the haven under the hill;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Too Late.

"Ah! si la jeunesse savait—si la vicillesse pouvait!"

THERE sat an old man on a rock,
And unceasing bewailed him of Fate—
That concern where we all must take stock
Though our vote has no hearing or weight;
And the old man sang him an old, old song—
Never sang voice so clear and strong
That it could drown the old man's long,
For he sang the song "too late!"

When we want, we have for our pains
The promise that if we but wait
ill the want has burned out of our brains,
Every means shall be present to state;
While we send for the napkin the soup gets cold,
While the bonnet is trimming the face grows old,
When we've matched our buttons the pattern is sold,
And everything comes too late—too late!

When strawberries seemed like red heavens—
Terrapin stew a wild dream—
Ihen my brain was at sixes and sevens,
If my mother had 'folks' and ice-cream,
Then I gazed with a lickerish hunger
At the restaurant man and fruit-monger—
But oh! how I wished I were younger
When the goodies all came in a stream! in a stream!

I've a splendid blood horse, and—a liver
That it jars into torture to trot;
Iy row-boat's the gem of the river—
Gout makes every knuckle a knot!
I can buy boundless credits on Paris and Rome,
But no palate for menes—no eyes for a dome—
Those belonged to the youth who must tarry at home,
When no home but an attic he'd got—he'd got!

How I longed, in that lonest of garrets,

Where the tiles baked my brains all July,

or ground to grow two pecks of carrots,

Two pigs of my own in a sty,

A rose-bush—a little thatched cottage—

Two spoons—love—a basin of pottage!—

Now in freestone I sit—and my dotage—

With a woman's chair empty close by—close by \(\)

"Ah! now, though I sit on a rock,
I have shared one seat with the great;
I have sat—knowing nought of the clock—
On love's high throne of state;
But the lips that kissed, and the arms that caressed,
To a mouth grown stern with delay were pressed,
And circled a breast that their clasp had blessed
Had they only not come too late! too late!"
FITZ HUGH LUDLOW

Longing.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as longing?
The thing we long for that we are,
For one transcendent moment;
Before the present poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife,
Grows down our wished Ideal;
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will, With our poor earthward striving; We quench it that we may be still Content with merely living; But would we know that heart's full scope, Which we are hourly wronging, Our lives must climb from hope to hope, And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons;
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

Each and All

Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round yon Alpine height
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one—
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven, Singing at dawn on the alder bough; I brought him home, in his nest, at even; He sings the song, but it pleases not now; For I did not bring home the river and sky; He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye. The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam—
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat—
I leave it behind with the games of youth."—
As I spoke, beneath my feet
The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath,
Running over the club-moss burrs;
I inhaled the violet's breath;
Around me stood the oaks and firs;
Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground;
Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and of deity;
Again I saw, again I heard,
The rolling river, the morning bird;
Beauty through my senses stole—
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

RALPH W. EMERSON.

Qua Cursum Ventus.

A S ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night unsprung the breeze, And all the darkling hours they plied; Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled, And onward each rejoicing steered; Ah! neither blame, for neither willed Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too!
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that and your own selves be true.

But O, blithe breeze! and O, great seas!

Though ne'er—that earliest parting past,—
On your wide plain they join again,

Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought—
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Divided.

A N empty sky, a world of heather, Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom: We two among them wading together, Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover, Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet: Crowds of larks at their matins hang over, Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth,
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green, like a ribbon, to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God, He knoweth how blithe we were!

Never a voice to bid us eschew it;

Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it, We parted the grasses dewy and sheen; Drop over drop there filtered and slided A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us,
Light was our talk as of faery bells—
Faery wedding-bells faintly rung to us,
Down in their fortunate parallels.

Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,
We lapped the grass on that youngling spring,
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,
And said, "Let us follow it westering."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows; Circling above us the black rooks fly, Forward, backward: lo, their dark shadows Flit on the blossoming tapestry—

Flit on the beck—for her long grass parteth,
As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back;
And lo, the sun like a lover darteth
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather, Till one steps over the tiny strand, So narrow, in sooth, that still together On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever.
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow;
I cry, "Return"—but he cannot come:
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV.

A breathing sigh—a sigh for answer;
A little talking of outward things:
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider—
"Cross to me now, for her wavelets swell:"
"I may not cross"—and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path; ah! no returning:
No second crossing that ripple's flow:
"Come to me now, for the west is burning:
Come ere it darkens."—"Ah, no! ah, no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
The beck grows wider and swift and deep;
Passionate words as of one beseeching—
The loud beck drowns them: we walk and weep.

V.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen with her state oppressed,
Low by rushes and sword-grass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness;
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places, On either marge of the moonlit flood, With the moon's own sadness in our faces, Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where the kids are tethered, Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined; Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered, Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
The beck, a river—with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver, On she goes under fruit-laden trees; Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver, And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew, and shines the river; Up comes the lily and dries her bell; But two are walking apart forever, And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding; The river hasteth, her banks recede; Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing—
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air)—
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther—I see it—know it— My eyes brim over, it melts away: Only my heart to my heart shall show it, As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly,—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea, better—e'en better than I love him;

And as I walk by the vast calm river,

The awful river so dread to see,
say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

JEAN INGELOW.

To-day and To-morrow.

H IGH hopes that burn like stars sublime, Go down the heavens of freedom;

And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em!

But never sit we down and say,
"There's nothing left but sorrow,"

We walk the Wilderness to-day—
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
There are no flowers blooming!
But life burns in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow \

Through all the long, drear night of years
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears,
But our meek suffering endeth!
The few shall not forever sway,
The many toil in sorrow:
The Powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten:
For lo! our day bursts up the skies—
Lean out our souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow:
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow!

O, Youth, flame-earnest, still aspire
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire
Our yearning opes a portal!
And though Age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow!

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like the sheathen saber,
Ready to flash out at God's call—
O! Chivalry of labor!
Triumph and Toil are twins—and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 't is the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow!

The Present.

DO not crouch to-day, and worship
The old Past whose life is fled:
Hush your voice with tender reverence;
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead:
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours:
Honor her, for she is mighty!
Honor her, for she is ours!

See, the shadows of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne;
Every day the ranks are strengthened
By great hearts to him unknown;
Noble things the great Past promised;
Holy dreams, both strange and new;
But the Present shall fulfill them,
What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame;
And the light that lightens round her
Is the luster of his name.
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvest in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer
If we thus her glory dim?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him.
God, who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule and us obey:—
Bids us cast our lives before her,
Bids us serve the great To-day.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

But would we know that heart's full scope, Which we are hourly wronging, Our lives must climb from hope to hope, And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons;
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

Each and All.

ITTLE thinks, in the field, you red-cloaked clown,
Of thee from the hill-top looking down;
The heifer that lows in the upland farm,
Far-heard, lows not thine ear to charm;
The sexton, tolling his bell at noon,
Deems not that great Napoleon
Stops his horse, and lists with delight,
Whilst his files sweep round you Alpine height
Nor knowest thou what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent.
All are needed by each one—
Nothing is fair or good alone.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven, Singing at dawn on the alder bough; I brought him home, in his nest, at even; He sings the song, but it pleases not now; For I did not bring home the river and sky; He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye. The delicate shells lay on the shore;
The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave,
And the bellowing of the savage sea
Greeted their safe escape to me.
I wiped away the weeds and foam—
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

The lover watched his graceful maid
As 'mid the virgin train she strayed;
Nor knew her beauty's best attire
Was woven still by the snow-white choir.
At last she came to his hermitage,
Like the bird from the woodlands to the cage;
The gay enchantment was undone—
A gentle wife, but fairy none.

Then I said, "I covet truth; Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat— I leave it behind with the games of youth."-As I spoke, beneath my feet The ground-pine curled its pretty wreath, Running over the club-moss burrs; I inhaled the violet's breath; Around me stood the oaks and firs: Pine-cones and acorns lay on the ground; Over me soared the eternal sky, Full of light and of deity; Again I saw, again I heard, The rolling river, the morning bird; Beauty through my senses stole-I yielded myself to the perfect whole. RALPH W. EMERSON.

Qua Cursum Ventus.

A S ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night unsprung the breeze, And all the darkling hours they plied; Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled, And onward each rejoicing steered; Ah! neither blame, for neither willed Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too!
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that and your own selves be true.

But O, blithe breeze! and O, great seas!

Though ne'er—that earliest parting past,—
On your wide plain they join again,

Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought—
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

Divided.

A N empty sky, a world of heather, Purple of foxglove, yellow of broom: We two among them wading together, Shaking out honey, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover, Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet: Crowds of larks at their matins hang over, Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

Flusheth the rise with her purple favor,
Gloweth the cleft with her golden ring,
'Twixt the two brown butterflies waver,
Lightly settle, and sleepily swing.

We two walk till the purple dieth,
And short dry grass under foot is brown,
But one little streak at a distance lieth
Green, like a ribbon, to prank the down.

II.

Over the grass we stepped unto it,
And God, He knoweth how blithe we were!

Never a voice to bid us eschew it;
Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it, We parted the grasses dewy and sheen; Drop over drop there filtered and slided A tiny bright beck that trickled between.

Tinkle, tinkle, sweetly it sung to us, Light was our talk as of faëry bells— Faëry wedding-bells faintly rung to us, Down in their fortunate parallels. Hand in hand, while the sun peered over,

We lapped the grass on that youngling spring,
Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover,

And said, "Let us follow it westering."

III.

A dappled sky, a world of meadows; Circling above us the black rooks fly, Forward, backward: lo, their dark shadows Flit on the blossoming tapestry—

Flit on the beck—for her long grass parteth,
As hair from a maid's bright eyes blown back;
And lo, the sun like a lover darteth
His flattering smile on her wayward track.

Sing on! we sing in the glorious weather, Till one steps over the tiny strand, So narrow, in sooth, that still together On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever.
On either margin, our songs all done,
We move apart, while she singeth ever,
Taking the course of the stooping sun.

He prays, "Come over"—I may not follow;
I cry, "Return"—but he cannot come:
We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow;
Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

IV.

A breathing sigh—a sigh for answer;
A little talking of outward things:
The careless beck is a merry dancer,
Keeping sweet time to the air she sings.

A little pain when the beck grows wider—
"Cross to me now, for her wavelets swell:"
"I may not cross"—and the voice beside her
Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path; ah! no returning:
No second crossing that ripple's flow:
"Come to me now, for the west is burning:
Come ere it darkens."—"Ah, no! ah, no!"

Then cries of pain, and arms outreaching—
The beck grows wider and swift and deep;
Passionate words as of one beseeching—
The loud beck drowns them: we walk and weep-

v.

A yellow moon in splendor drooping,
A tired queen with her state oppressed,
Low by rushes and sword-grass stooping,
Lies she soft on the waves at rest.

The desert heavens have felt her sadness;
Her earth will weep her some dewy tears;
The wild beck ends her tune of gladness,
And goeth stilly as soul that fears.

We two walk on in our grassy places, On either marge of the moonlit flood, With the moon's own sadness in our faces, Where joy is withered, blossom and bud.

VI.

A shady freshness, chafers whirring,
A little piping of leaf-hid birds;
A flutter of wings, a fitful stirring,
A cloud to the eastward snowy as curds.

Bare grassy slopes, where the kids are tethered, Round valleys like nests all ferny-lined; Round hills, with fluttering tree-tops feathered, Swell high in their freckled robes behind.

A rose-flush tender, a thrill, a quiver,
When golden gleams to the tree-tops glide;
A flashing edge for the milk-white river,
The beck, a river—with still sleek tide.

Broad and white, and polished as silver, On she goes under fruit-laden trees; Sunk in leafage cooeth the culver, And 'plaineth of love's disloyalties.

Glitters the dew, and shines the river; Up comes the lily and dries her bell; But two are walking apart forever, And wave their hands for a mute farewell.

VII.

A braver swell, a swifter sliding; The river hasteth, her banks recede; Wing-like sails on her bosom gliding Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

Stately prows are rising and bowing—
(Shouts of mariners winnow the air)—
And level sands for banks endowing
The tiny green ribbon that showed so fair.

While, O my heart! as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side!

Farther, farther—I see it—know it— My eyes brim over, it melts away: Only my heart to my heart shall show it, As I walk desolate day by day.

VIII.

And yet I know past all doubting, truly,—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea, better—e'en better than I love him;

And as I walk by the vast calm river,

The awful river so dread to see,
say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever

Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

JEAN INGELOW

To-day and To-morrow.

HIGH hopes that burn like stars sublime.
Go down the heavens of freedom;
And true hearts perish in the time
We bitterliest need 'em!
But never sit we down and say,
"There's nothing left but sorrow,"
We walk the Wilderness to-day—
The Promised Land to-morrow.

Our birds of song are silent now;
There are no flowers blooming!
But life burns in the frozen bough,
And Freedom's spring is coming!
And Freedom's tide comes up alway,
Though we may strand in sorrow;
And our good bark, aground to-day,
Shall float again to-morrow!

Through all the long, drear night of years
The people's cry ascendeth,
And earth is wet with blood and tears,
But our meek suffering endeth!
The few shall not forever sway,
The many toil in sorrow:
The Powers of hell are strong to-day,
But Christ shall rise to-morrow!

Though hearts brood o'er the past, our eyes
With smiling futures glisten:
For lo! our day bursts up the skies—
Lean out our souls and listen!
The world rolls Freedom's radiant way,
And ripens with her sorrow:
Keep heart! who bear the cross to-day
Shall wear the crown to-morrow!

O, Youth, flame-earnest, still aspire
With energies immortal!
To many a heaven of desire
Our yearning opes a portal!
And though Age wearies by the way,
And hearts break in the furrow,
We'll sow the golden grain to-day—
The harvest comes to-morrow!

Build up heroic lives, and all
Be like the sheathen saber,
Ready to flash out at God's call—
O! Chivalry of labor!
Triumph and Toil are twins—and aye
Joy suns the cloud of sorrow;
And 't is the martyrdom to-day
Brings victory to-morrow!

GERALD MASSEY,

The Present.

DO not crouch to-day, and worship
The old Past whose life is fled:
Hush your voice with tender reverence;
Crowned he lies, but cold and dead:
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours:
Honor her, for she is mighty!
Honor her, for she is ours!

See, the shadows of his heroes
Girt around her cloudy throne;
Every day the ranks are strengthened
By great hearts to him unknown;
Noble things the great Past promised;
Holy dreams, both strange and new;
But the Present shall fulfill them,
What he promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures,
She is heir to all his fame;
And the light that lightens round her
Is the luster of his name.
She is wise with all his wisdom,
Living on his grave she stands,
On her brow she bears his laurels,
And his harvest in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer
If we thus her glory dim?
Let us fight for her as nobly
As our fathers fought for him.
God, who crowns the dying ages,
Bids her rule and us obey:—
Bids us cast our lives before her,
Bids us serve the great To-day.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Is it Come?

Is it come? they said, on the banks of the Nile,
Who looked for the world's long-promised day,
And saw but the strife of Egypt's toil
With the desert's sand and the granite gray.
From the Pyramid, temple, and treasured dead,
We vainly ask for her wisdom's plan;
They tell us of the tyrant's dread:—
Yet there was hope when that day began.

The Chaldee came with his starry lore,
And built up Babylon's crown and creed;
And bricks were stamped on the Tigris' shore
With signs which our sages scarce can read.
From Ninus' temple and Nimrod's tower,
The rule of the old East's empire spread
Unreasoning faith and unquestioned power—
But still, Is it come? the watcher said.

The light of the Persian's worshiped flame
O'er the ancient bondage its splendor threw;
And once, on the West a sunrise came,
When Greece to her freedom's trust was true:
With dreams to the utmost ages dear,
With human gods, and with god-like men,
No marvel the far-off day seemed near
To eyes that looked through her laurels then.

The Romans conquered and reveled too,
Till honor, and faith, and power were gone;
And deeper old Europe's darkness grew
As, wave after wave, the Goth came on.
The gown was learning, the sword was law;
The people served in the oxen's stead;
But ever some gleam the watcher saw—
And evermore, Is it come? they said.

Poet and seer that question caught,
Above the din of life's fears and frets;
It marched with letters, it toiled with thought,
Through schools and creeds which the earth forgets.
And statesmen trifle, and priests deceive,
And traders barter our world away—
Yet hearts to that golden promise cleave,
And still at times, Is it come? they say.

The days of the nations bear no trace
Of all the sunshine so far foretold;
The cannon speaks in the teacher's place—
The age is weary with work and gold;
And high hopes wither, and memories wane;
On hearth and altars the fires are dead;
But that brave faith hath not lived in vain—
And this is all that our watcher said.

FRANCES BROWN.

A Song for the New Year (1867).

THE sea sings the song of the ages;
The mountain stands mutely sublime;
While the blank of Eternity's pages
Is filled by the fingers of Time.
But Man robbeth sea of its wonder,
Making syllabled speech of its roar;
He rendeth the mountain asunder,
And rolleth his wheels through its core;
He delveth deep down for earth's treasure,
And every locked secret unbars;
He scanneth the heavens at pleasure,
And writeth his name on the stars.

But purpose is weaker than passion, And patience is dearer than blood; And his face groweth withered and ashen Ere he findeth and graspeth the good. He pursueth the phantom of beauty,
Or peddleth his valor for pelf;—
Till the iron of merciless duty
Has crashed through the armor of self.
He soweth the life of his brother;
He wasteth the half of his soul;—
The harvest is reaped by another,
And Death dippeth deep for his toll.

So the march of triumphal procession,
That Science is fain to begin,
Is hindered with painful digression
Of ignorance, folly, and sin.
Through mazes of needless confusion
The story of Freedom must bend;
And the grandest and simplest conclusion
Go stumbling along to its end.
Yet a year does not slide o'er the border
Of time, but some progress it shows;
And a lustrum proves prescience and order—
So the drama creeps on to its close.

If the blood that was weaker than water
Too thinly and sluggishly ran,
Lo! the wine of the vintage of slaughter
Giveth strength to the sinews of man;
And the shout of a lusty young nation
Shall greet his gray brothers with glee,
And the swell of its ringing vibration
Sweep over the isles of the sea;
While Liberty looks for a morrow
That promiseth joyous increase,
As waneth her midnight of sorrow
And waxeth her morning of peace!

EDWIN R. JOHNSON.

A Psalm of Life.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem!"

Life is real! Life is earnest!

And the grave is not its goal:
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow Is our destined end or way; But to act that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!

Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act, act in the living Present,

Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us We can make our lives sublime, And, departing, leave behind us Footprints on the sands of time: Footprints, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labor and to wait.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Know Thyself.

 $\Gamma^{N\Omega\ThetaI}$ δεαυτόν! And is this the prime And heaven-sprung adage of the olden time? Say, can'st thou make thyself? Learn first that trade: Haply thou may'st know what thyself had made. What hast thou, Man, that thou dost call thine own? What is there in thee, Man, that can be known? Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought, A phantom dim, of past and future wrought, Vain sister of the worm, life, death, soil, clod. Ignore thyself, and strive to know thy God!

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

The Day's Ration.

WHEN I was born,
From all the seas of strength Fate filled a chalice,
Saying, "This be thy portion, child; this chalice,
Less than a lily's, thou shalt daily draw
From my great arteries—nor less nor more."
All substances the cunning chemist Time
Melts down into that liquor of my life—

Friends, foes, joys, fortunes, beauty, and disgust 5 And whether I am angry or content, Indebted or insulted, loved or hurt, All he distills into sidereal wine, And brims my little cup; heedless, alas! Of all he sheds, how little it will hold, How much rains over on the desert sands. If a new Muse draw me with splendid ray, And I uplift myself into its heaven, The needs of the first sight absorb my blood, And all the following hours of the day Drag a ridiculous age. To-day, when friends approach, and every hour Brings book, or star-bright scroll of genius, The little cup will hold not a bead more, And all the costly liquor runs to waste; Nor gives the jealous lord one diamond-drop, So to be husbanded for future days. Why need I volumes, if one word suffice? Why need I galleries, when a pupil's draught, After the master's sketch, fills and o'erfills My apprehension? Why seek Italy, Who cannot circumnavigate the sea Of thoughts and things at home, but still adjourn The nearest matters for a thousand days? RALPH W. EMERSON.

Extract.

M Y genial spirits fail;
And what can these avail
To lift the smothering weight from off my breast?
It were a vain endeavor,
Though I should gaze forever
On that green light that lingers in the west,
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life whose fountains are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live;
Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud,
And would we aught behold of higher worth
Than that inanimate, cold world, allowed
To the poor loveless, ever anxious crowd,
Ah, from the soul itself must issue forth
A light, a glory, a fair, luminous cloud,
Enveloping the earth:
And from the soul itself must there be sent
A sweet and potent voice of its own birth,
Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

Sun and Shadow.

A S I look from the isle, o'er its billows of green,
To the billows of foam-crested blue,
Yon bark, that afar in the distance is seen,
Half dreaming, my eyes will pursue.
Now dark in the shadow, she scatters the spray
As the chaff in the stroke of the flail;
Now white as the sea-gull she flies on her way,
The sun gleaming bright on her sail.

Yet her pilot is thinking of dangers to shun,—
Of breakers that whiten and roar;
How little he cares if in shadow or sun
They see him who gaze from the shore!
He looks to the beacon that looms from the reef,
To the rock that is under his lee,
As he drifts on the blast, like a wind-wafted leaf,
O'er the gulfs of the desolate sea.

Thus drifting afar to the dim vaulted caves
Where life and its ventures are laid,
The dreamers who gaze while we battle the waves
May see us in sunshine or shade.
Yet true to our course, though our shadow grow dark,
We'll trim our broad sail as before,
And stand by the rudder that governs the bark,
Nor ask how we look from the shore!

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Retribution.

'Oφέ θεῶν ἀιέουσι μύλοι, ἀλέουσι δε λεπτά. ("The mills of the gods grind late, but they grind fine.") GREEK POET.

THE ABOVE PARAPHRASED.

THOUGH the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small:

Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Careless seems the Great Avenger; history's pages but record

One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word:

Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne; But that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown

Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own!

JAMES R. LOWELL.

The Two Oceans.

TWO seas amid the night, In the moonshine roll and sparkle, Now spread in the silver light, Now sadden, and wail, and darkle.

The one has a billowy motion,
And from land to land it gleams;
The other is sleep's wide ocean,
And its glimmering waves are dreams.

The one, with murmur and roar,
Bears fleets round coast and islet;
The other, without a shore,
Ne'er knew the track of a pilot.
ANONYMOUS.

The River.

RIVER! River! little River!
Bright you sparkle on your way
O'er the yellow pebbles dancing,
Through the flowers and foliage glancing,
Like a Child at play.

River! River! swelling River!

On you rush o'er rough and smooth—
Louder, faster, brawling, leaping,
Over rocks, by rose-banks sweeping,
Like impetuous Youth.

River! River! brimming River!
Broad, and deep, and still as Time,
Seeming still—yet still in motion,
Tending onward to the ocean,
Just like Mortal Prime.

River! River! rapid River!
Swifter now you slip away;
Swift and silent as an arrow,
Through a channel dark and narrow,
Like life's Closing Day,

River! River! headlong River!

Down you dash into the sea;
Sea, that line hath never sounded,
Sea, that voyage hath never rounded,
Like Eternity!

ANONYMOUS.

Sun and Shade.

THERE are no shadows where there is no sun:
There is no beauty where there is no shade:
And all things in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light, ebon and gold, inlaid.
FREDERICK W. FABER.

Night and Death.

M YSTERIOUS Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came;
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?—
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?
BLANCO WHITE.

Light and Color.

Light, everlastingly one, dwell above with the One Everlasting;
Color, thou changeful, descend kindly to dwell among men.
F. VON SCHILLER.

To Night.

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When night rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to her rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—and I replied,
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

From the Persian.

ON parent knees, a naked, new-born child, Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled; So live that, sinking to thy last, long sleep, Calm thou may'st smile, while all around thee weep!

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

To Sleep.

OME, gentle sleep! attend thy suppliant's prayer,
And, though death's image, to my couch repair;
How sweet, though lifeless, yet in life to lie!
And without dying, O how sweet to die!
ANONYMOUS.

Charade.—(Campbell.)

COME from my First—ay, come!
The battle-dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and thundering drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought;
Fall as thy father fell:
Thy task is taught; thy shroud is wrought:
So forward, and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second, toll!

Fling high the flambeau's light;

And sing the hymn for a parted soul
Beneath the silent night!

The wreath upon his head,
The cross upon his breast,

Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed,
So,—take him to his rest!

Call ye, my Whole, ay, call
The Lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day!
Go, call him by his name!
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED

The Two Armies.

A S life's unending column pours, Two marshaled hosts are seen— Two armies on the trampled shores That death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll, The wide-mouthed clarion's bray, And bears upon a crimson scroll, "Our purpose is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream, With sad, yet watchful eyes, Calm as the patient planet's gleam That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabers shine, No blood-red pennons wave: Its banner bears the single line, "Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade; At honor's trumpet-call, With knitted brow and lifted blade, In glory's arms they fall.

For these no flashing falchions bright, No stirring battle-cry; The bloodless stabber calls by night— Each answers, "Here am I!"

For those the sculptor's laureled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf
That floods the lonely graves,
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf
In flowery foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below, And angels wait above, Who count each burning life-drop's flow, Each falling tear of love.

Though from the hero's bleeding breast Her pulses Freedom drew, Though the white lilies in her crest Sprang from the scarlet dew—

While valor's haughty champions wait

Till all their scars are shown,

Love walks unchallenged through the gate,

To sit beside the throne!

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Ode.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

 T^{HERE} was a time when meadow, grove, and stream, The earth and every common sight,

To me did seem

Appareled in celestial light— The glory and the freshness of a dream. It is not now as it hath been of yore:

> Turn wheresoe'er I may, By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare:
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep.
And all the earth is gay;

And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity;

And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday;—

Thou child of joy,

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessed creatures! I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,

My head hath its coronal-The fullness of your bliss, I feel, I feel it all. O evil day! if I were sullen While Earth herself is adorning, This sweet May morning, And the children are culling On every side, In a thousand valleys far and wide, Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm, And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm-I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! -But there's a tree, of many one, A single field which I have looked upon-Both of them speak of something that is gone; The pansy at my feet Doth the same tale repeat. Whither is fled the visionary gleam? Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting: The soul that rises with us, our life's star. Hath had elsewhere its setting, And cometh from afar. Not in entire forgetfulness, And not in utter nakedness, But trailing clouds of glory, do we come From God, who is our home! Heaven lies about us in our infancy! Shades of the prison-house begin to close Upon the growing boy; But he beholds the light, and whence it flows-He sees it in his joy. The youth, who daily farther from the east Must travel, still is nature's priest, And by the vision splendid Is on his way attended:

At length the man perceives it die away, And fade into the light of common day,

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own.
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind;
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no ur worthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man.

To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

· VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses—A six years' darling of a pigmy size!

See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!

See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art—

A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral—
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part—
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;

As if his whole vocation Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity!
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage! thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep
Haunted forever by the eternal mind!—

Mighty prophet! Seer blest,
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave!
Thou over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by!
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
ught of our past years in me d

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not, indeed,
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast—
Not for these I raise

Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;

But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised—
But for those first affections.

Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,

Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make Our noisy years seem moments in the being Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,

To perish never—

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor, Nor man nor boy,

Nor all that is at enmity with joy, Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither—

Can in a moment travel thither, And see the children sport upon the shore, And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

x.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!

And let the young lambs bound

As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,

Ye that through your hearts to-day

Feel the gladness of the May!

ODE.

What though the radiance which was once so bright Be now forever taken from my sight,

Though nothing can bring back the hour Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower—

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind:
In the primal sympathy
Which, having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,

In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves, Forebode not any severing of our loves! Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might; I only have relinquished one delight To live beneath your more habitual sway. I love the brooks which down their channels fret, Even more than when I tripped lightly as they; The innocent brightness of a new-born day

Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

The Hermit.

A T the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove,
'T was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man:

"Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthrall.
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay—
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn!
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away!
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays;
But lately I marked when majestic on high
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again!
But man's faded glory what change shall renew?
Ah, fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more.

I mourn—but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;

For morn is approaching your charms to restore,

Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.

Nor yet for the ravage of Winter I mourn—

Kind nature the embryo blossom will save;

But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn?

O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?"

"'T was thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
'O pity, great Father of light,' then I cried,
'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from Thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness Thou only canst free.'

"And darkness and doubt are now flying away;
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn:
So breaks on the traveler, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See truth, love, and mercy in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

JAMES BEATTIE.

The First Voices of Paradise.

WHAT was 't awakened first the untuned ear Of that sole man who was all human kind? Was it the gladsome welcome of the wind, Stirring the leaves that never yet were sear? The four mellifluous streams which flowed so near, Their lulling murmurs all in one combined? The note of bird unnamed? The startled hind Bursting the brake in wonder, not in fear, Of her new lord? Or did the holy ground Send forth mysterious melody to greet The gracious pressure of immaculate feet? Did viewless seraphs rustle all around, Making sweet music out of air as sweet? Or his own voice awake him with its sound?

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The Bells.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—

From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding-bells, Golden bells!

What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

Through the balmy air of night

How they ring out their delight,

From the molten-golden notes!

And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats

To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats

On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells, What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!

How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells

Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells, bells, bells— Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells-

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

Hear the loud alarum bells-

Brazen bells!

at a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!

In the startled ear of night

How they scream out their affright!

Too much horrified to speak,

They can only shriek, shriek,

Out of tune,

clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire, mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire

Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,

And a resolute endeavor.

Now-now to sit or never,

By the side of the pale-faced moon.

Oh, the bells, bells, bells!

What a tale their terror tells

Of despair!

How they clang, and clash, and roar!

What a horror they outpour

the bosom of the palpitating air!

Yet the ear, it fully knows,

By the twanging

And the clanging,

How the danger ebbs and flows;

Yet the ear distinctly tells,

In the jangling

And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,

the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—

Of the bells-

Of the bells, bells, bells,

Bells, bells, bells-

i the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells-

Iron bells!

at a world of solemn thought their monody compels \

In the silence of the night How we shiver with affright At the melancholy menace of their tone! For every sound that floats From the rust within their throats.

Is a groan:

And the people—ah, the people— They that dwell up in the steeple, All alone,

And who, tolling, tolling, tolling, In that muffled monotone, Feel a glory in so rolling On the human heart a stone-They are neither man nor woman-They are neither brute nor human-

They are Ghouls! And their king it is who tolls; And he rolls, rolls, rolls, A pæan from the bells! And his merry bosom swells With the pæan of the bells! And he dances and he yells; Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells-Of the bells: Keeping time, time, time, In a sort of Runic rhyme, To the throbbing of the bells-Of the bells, bells, bells, To the sobbing of the bells; Keeping time, time, time, As he knells, knells, knells, In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells— Of the bells, bells, bells— To the tolling of the bells, Of the bells, bells, bellsBells, bells, —
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR A. POE.

The Raven.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore,— While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.

"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door:

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December, And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,

Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,

"'T is some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door; This it is, and nothing more." Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer, "Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore; But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—

Darkness there, and nothing more!

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word "Lenore!"

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word "Lenore!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, somewhat louder than before. "Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;

Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,— Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;— 'T is the wind, and nothing more!"

Open then I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not an instant stopped or stayed he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door,— Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling, By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore, "Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore!

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being

Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.

Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather then he fluttered—

Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."

Then the bird sail "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken, "Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful dis-

Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore,—

Till the dirges of his hope one melancholy burden bore,
Of—" Never—nevermore!"

But—the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,— Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird, and bust, and door:

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing

To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's

core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining, which the lamp-light gloated o'er,

She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer,

Swung by angels whose faint foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor,

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore!

Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost

Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,

Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted.—
In this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,

Tell this soul with sorrow laden, if, within the distant Aidenn, It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore;

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"

Ouoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting —

"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber door; And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore!

EDGAR A. POE.

My Thirty-sixth Year.

MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22, 1824.

"Is time this heart should be unmoved, Since others it hath ceased to move: Yet though I cannot be beloved, Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf,

The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
The worm, the canker, and the grief,

Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle:
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile!

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of Love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain!

But 't is not thus—and 't is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field, Glory and Greece around me see! The Spartan, borne upon his shield, Was not more free!

Awake !—not Greece—she is awake !— Awake my spirit! Think through whom Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake, And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down, Unworthy manhood,—unto thee Indifferent should the smile or frown Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, why live?
The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

LORD BYRON.

Losses.

There sat a pilgrim band,
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known;
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe—
For a fair face long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free:
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet;
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead—
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

FRANCES BROWN.

The Good Great Man.

HOW seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains.

For shame, my friend! renounce this idle strain!
What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain?
Wealth, title, dignity, a golden chain,
Or heap of corses which his sword hath slain?
Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends.
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man? Three treasures—love, and light,
And calm thoughts, equable as infant's breath;
And three fast friends, more sure than day or night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death?

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

On His Blindness.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent

Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide—
"Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

JOHN MILTON. "

To Cyriack Skinner.

YRIACK, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot:
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man or woman, yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied
In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,

Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

JOHN MILTON.

Virtue.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright, The bridal of the earth and sky! The dew shall weep thy fall to-night; For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave, Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye, Thy root is ever in the grave, And thou must die.

Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses, A box where sweets compacted lie, My music shows ye have your closes, And all must die. Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole would turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Lycidas.

YET once more, O ye Laurels, and once more, Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sere, I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude, And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the Sacred Well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favor my destined urn,
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud;
For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,

Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad song would not be absent long,
And old Damætas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone—Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn;
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas? For neither were ye playing on the steep, Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie, Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high, Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream—Ay me! I fondly dream! Had ye been there—for what could that have done? What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore, The Muse herself for her enchanting son, Whom universal Nature did lament, When, by the rout that made the hideous roar, His gory visage down the stream was sent, Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted shepherd's trade,

And strictly meditate the thankless muse? Were it not better done, as others use, To sport with Amaryllis in the shade, Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair? Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise (That last infirmity of noble minds) To scorn delights, and live laborious days; But the fair guerdon when we hope to find, And think to burst out into sudden blaze, Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears. And slits the thin-spun life. But not the praise, Phæbus replied, and touched my trembling ears: Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil. Nor in the glistering foil Set off to the world, nor in broad rumor lies: But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes And perfect witness of all-judging Jove: As he pronounces lastly on each deed, Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honored flood, Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds. That strain I heard was of a higher mood: But now my oat proceeds, And listens to the herald of the sea That came in Neptune's plea; He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds. What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain? And questioned every gust of rugged winds That blows from off each beaked promontory: They knew not of his story: And sage Hippotades their answer brings, That not a blast was from his dungeon straved: The air was calm, and on the level brine Sleek Panope with all her sisters played. It was that fatal and perfidious bark, Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark, That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow, His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge, Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge, Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe. Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge? Last came, and last did go, The pilot of the Galilean Lake: Two massy keys he bore of metals twain (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain); He shook his mitered locks, and stern bespake: How well could I have spared for thee, young swain, Enow of such as for their bellies' sake Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold! Of other care they little reckoning make, Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast, And shove away the worthy bidden guest; Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold A sheep-hook, or have learned aught else the least That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs! What recks it them? what need they? they are sped; And when they list, their lean and flashy songs Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw; The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, But, swollen with wind and the rank mist they draw. Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread; Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw Daily devours apace, and nothing said: But that two-handed engine at the door, Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart-star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enameled eyes,

That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers. And purple all the ground with vernal flowers. Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies, The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine, The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet, The glowing violet, The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine, With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head. And every flower that sad embroidery wears: Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed, And daffodillies fill their cups with tears, To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies. For so to interpose a little ease, Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise. Ah me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled, Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides, Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world; Or whether thou to our moist vows denied, Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, Where the great vision of the guarded mount Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold; Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth! And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !

Weep no more, woeful Shepherds, weep no more! For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky;
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,

In the blest kingdoms meek of Joy and Love. There entertain him all the saints above, In solemn troops and sweet societies, That sing, and singing in their glory move, And wipe the tears forever from his eyes. Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more; Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore, In thy large recompense, and shalt be good To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills, While the still morn went out with sandals gray; He touched the tender stops of various quills, With eager thought warbling his Doric lay.

And now the sun had stretched out all the hills, And now was dropt into the western bay;

At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:

To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

JOHN MILTON.

Henry Kirke White.

NHAPPY White! when life was in its spring,
And thy young Muse just waved her joyous wing,
The spoiler came, and all thy promise fair
Has sought the grave, to sleep forever there.
O what a noble heart was there undone,
When Science' self destroyed her favorite son!
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit;
She sowed the seeds, but Death has reaped the fruit.
'T was thine own genius gave the fatal blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low.
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed h's own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivers at his heart,

Keen were his pangs; but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel,
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-drop from his bleeding breast!

LORD BYRON.

Hýmn to Adversity.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, designed,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learned to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend;
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

O! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand,
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen,)
With thundering voice and threatening mien,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

THOMAS GRAY.

Resignation.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient; these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise;
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors
Amid these earthly damps;
What seem to us but dim funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portals we call death.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day, we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken

The bond which nature gives,

Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,

May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;

For when, with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,

She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion, Clothed with celestial grace; And beautiful with all the soul's expansion Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We cannot wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

My Child.

I CANNOT make him dead!

His fair sunshiny head

Is ever bounding round my study chair;

Yet when my eyes, now dim

With tears, I turn to him,

The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there the

I thread the crowded street;
A satcheled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair;
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt;
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!

When passing by the bed

So long watched over with parental care,

My spirit and my eye

Seek him inquiringly,

Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When, at the cool, gray break
Of day, from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up with joy,
To Him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there!

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there? Where, then, is he?
The form I used to see

Was but the raiment that he used to wear.
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast-off dress,

Is but his wardrobe locked;—he is not there!

He lives! In all the past
He lives; nor, to the last,
Of seeing him again will I despair;
In dreams I see him now;
And on his angel brow
I see it written, "Thou shalt see me there!"

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'T will be our heaven to find that—he is there!
JOHN PIERPONT.

The Alpine Shepherd.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knelled, And tender sympathy upburst, A little spring from memory welled Which once had quenched my bitter thirst;

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as cooling dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round with us to weep
The little spirit's swift remove—
This story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To any shelves of pasture green
That hang along the mountain side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams glide.

But naught can lure the timid things,
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms their lambs he takes, Along the dizzy verge to go, When, heedless of the rifts and breaks, They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep.and lambs together feed.

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free,
O'er frozen brooks that flow, unsheathed
From icy thraldom, to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night Would all my happy senses sway, Of the Good Shepherd on the height, Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lambs asleep—
And like the murmur of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

MARIA LOWELL

Only a Curl.

FRIENDS of faces unknown, and a land
Unvisited over the sea,
Who tell me how lonely you stand
With a single gold curl in the hand,
Held up to be looked at by me,—

While you ask me to ponder, and say
What a father and mother can do
With the bright fellow-locks put away,
Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay,
Where the violets press nearer than you,—

Shall I speak like a poet, or run
Into weak woman's tears for relief?
Oh, children—I never lost one;
Yet my arm's round my own little son,
And Love knows the secret of grief.

And I feel what it must be and is,
When God draws a new angel so,
Through the house of a man up to His,
With a murmur of music you miss,
And a rapture of light you forego:

How you think, staring on at the door
Where the face of your angel flashed in,
That its brightness, familiar before,
Burns off from you ever the more
For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

"God lent him and takes him," you sigh.
Nay, there let me break with your pain:
God's generous in giving, say I,
And the thing which he gives, I deny
That he ever can take back again.

He gives what he gives: I appeal
To all who bear babes; in the hour
When the veil of the body we feel
Rent around us—while torments reveal
The motherhood's advent in power,

And the babe cries—has each of us known
By apocalypse—God being there
Full in nature—the child is our own,
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,
Through all changes, all times, everywhere,

He's ours, and forever. Believe,
O father!—O mother, look back
To the first love's assurance. To give
Means, with God, not to tempt or deceive,
With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

He gives what he gives. Be content!

He resumes nothing given—be sure!
God lend? Where the usurers lent
In his temple, indignant he went,
And scourged away all those impure.

He lends not, but gives to the end,
As he loves to the end. If it seem
That he draws back a gift, comprehend
'T is to add to it, rather, amend,
And finish it up to your dream,—

Or keep, as a mother may, toys

Too costly, though given by herself,

Till the room shall be stiller from noise,

And the children more fit for such joys,

Kept over their heads on the shelf.

So look up, friends! you who indeed

Have possessed in your house a sweet piece
Of the heaven which men strive for, must need
Be more earnest than others are—speed
Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

You know how one angel smiles there,—
Then, courage. 'T is easy for you
To be drawn by a single gold hair
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair
To the safe place above us. Adieu.
ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Spinning of the Shroud.

SLOWLY ravel, threads of doom; Slowly lengthen, fatal yarn; Death's inexorable gloom
Stretches like the frozen tarn
Never thawed by sunbeams kind, Ruffled ne'er by wave or wind; Man beholds it and is still, Daunted by its mortal chill; Thither haste my helpless feet, While I spin my winding-sheet \

Summer's breath, divinely warm,
Kindles every pulse to glee:
Fled are traces of the storm,
Wintry frost and leafless tree;
Shakes the birch its foliage light,
In the sun the mists are bright;
Heaven and earth their hues confound,
Scattering rainbows on the ground;
Life with rapture is replete,
While I spin my winding-sheet!

Summer's voice is loud and clear,
Lowing kine and rippling swell;
Yet beneath it all I hear
Something of a funeral knell.
Sings the linnet on the bough,
Sings my bridegroom at the plow;
Whirrs the grouse along the brake,
Plash the trout within the lake;
Soft the merry lambkins bleat,—
While I spin my winding-sheet!

Thatched with mosses green and red,
Blooming as a fairy hill,
Lifts my home its cheerful head
By the ever-leaping rill.
Lo! its future inmates rise,
Gathering round with loving eyes;
Some my Dugald's features wear,
Some have mine, but far more fair;
Prattling lips my name repeat,—
While I spin my winding-sheet!

Youth is bright above my track,

Health is strong within my breast;

Wherefore must this shadow black

On my bridal gladness rest?

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On my happy solitude
Must the vision still intrude?
Must the icy touch of Death
Freeze my song's impassioned breath?
I am young and youth is sweet;
Why, then, spin my winding-sheet?

Hark! the solemn winds reply:

"Woman, thou art born to woe;
Long ere 'tis thine hour to die,
Thou shalt be well pleased to go.
Though the sunshine of to-day
Blind thine eyeballs with its ray,
Grief shall swathe thee in its pall,
Life's beloved before thee fall:
Bride, the grave hath comfort meet,
Thankful spin thy winding-sheet!"

MRS. OGILVIE.

The Hour of Death.

EAVES have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer—
But all for thee, thou Mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,

Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;

There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power,

A time for softer tears—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose

May look like things too glorious for decay,

And smile at thee—but thou art not of those

That wait the ripened bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer-birds from far shall cross the sea,
When Autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when Spring's first gale

Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?

Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—

They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
A'nd flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

Where is He?

A ND where is he? Not by the side
Of her whose wants he loved to tend;
Not o'er those valleys wandering wide,
Where sweetly lost, he oft would wend!
That form beloved he marks no more;
Those scenes admired no more shall see—
Those scenes are lovely as before,
And she as fair—but where is he?

No, no, the radiance is not dim
That used to gild his favorite hill;
The pleasures that were dear to him,
Are dear to life and nature still:
But ah! his home is not so fair,
Neglected must his garden be—
The lilies droop and wither there,
And seem to whisper, where is he?

His was the pomp, the crowded hall!

But where is now the proud display?

His riches, honors, pleasures, all

Desire could frame; but where are they?

And he,—as some tall rock that stands

Protected by the circling sea,—

Surrounded by admiring bands,

Seemed proudly strong—and where is he?

The churchyard bears an added stone,
The fireside shows a vacant chair!
Here sadness dwells and weeps alone,
And death displays his banner there;
The life has gone, the breath has fled,
And what has been no more shall be;
The well-known form, the welcome tread,
Oh! where are they? and where is he?

HENRY NEELE.

The Death-bed.

WE watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak, So slowly moved about, As we had lent her half our powers To eke her living out.

Our very hopes belied our fears, Our fears our hopes belied— We thought her dying when she slept, And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came, dim and sad, And chill with early showers, Her quiet eyelids closed—she had Another morn than ours.

THOMAS HOOD.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, And all the air a solemn stillness holds, Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight, And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds; Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower

The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,

Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,

The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn, Or busy housewife ply her evening care; No children run to lisp their sire's return, Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,

Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke:

How jocund did they drive their team afield!

How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil, Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,

If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,

Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault

The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust, Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath? Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust. Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire; Hands that the rod of empire might have swaved, Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page, Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll; Chill Penury repressed their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene, The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear; Full many a flower is born to blush unseen. And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast The little tyrant of his fields withstood,---Some mute, inglorious Milton,—here may rest; Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command, The threats of pain and ruin to despise, To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land, And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined: Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne, And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide, To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones, from insult to protect, Some frail memorial still erected nigh, With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked, Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse, The place of fame and elegy supply; And many a holy text around she strews, That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies, Some pious drops the closing eye requires; Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries, Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If 'chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

- "Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, Muttering his wayward fancies, would he rove; Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn, Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
- "One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill, Along the heath, and near his favorite tree; Another came,—nor yet beside the rill, Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:
- "The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne:
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath you aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth A youth to fortune and to fame unknown; Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth, And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gained from heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, (There they alike in trembling hope repose,) The bosom of his Father and his God.

THOMAS GRAY.

On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture.

H that those lips had language! Life has passed With me but roughly since I heard thee last. Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see, The same that oft in childhood solaced me: Voice only fails—else how distinct they say "Grieve not, my child—chase all thy fears away!" The meek intelligence of those dear eyes-(Blest be the art that can immortalize: The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim To quench it!)—here shines on me still the same, Faithful remembrancer of one so dear ! O welcome guest, though unexpected here! Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song, Affectionate, a mother lost so long. I will obey-not willingly alone, But gladly, as the precept were her own: And, while that face renews my filial grief. Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief-

Shall steep me in Elysian reverie: A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead. Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed? Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son-Wretched e'en then, life's journey just begun? Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss; Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss— Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes. I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day; I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away; And, turning from my nursery window, drew A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu! But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown; May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore. The parting word shall pass my lips no more.

Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern. Oft gave me promise of thy quick return; What ardently I wished, I long believed, And, disappointed still, was still deceived— By expectation every day beguiled, Dupe of to-morrow even from a child. Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went. Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent, I learned at last submission to my lot; But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot. Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more-Children not thine have trod my nursery floor; And where the gardener, Robin, day by day, Drew me to school along the public way— Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped— 'T is now become a history little known, That once we called the pastoral house our own. Short-lived possession! but the record fair, That memory keeps of all thy kindness there, Still outlives many a storm that has effaced A thousand other themes, less deeply traced; Thy nightly visits to may chamber made, That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid; Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, The biscuit or confectionery plum: The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed By thine own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed. All this, and more endearing still than all, Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall-Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks That humor, interposed, too often makes: All this, still legible in memory's page, And still to be so to my latest age, Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay Such honors to thee as my numbers may-Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere-Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here,

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Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours, When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers—The violet, the pink, the jessamine,—
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while—Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)—Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou—as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast, (The storms all weathered, and the ocean crossed,) Shoots into port at some well-havened isle, Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile, There sits quiescent on the floods, that show Her beauteous form reflected clear below, While airs impregnated with incense play. Around her, fanning light her streamers gay,-So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore "Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar;" And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide Of life long since has anchored by thy side. But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest, Always from port withheld, always distressed. Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed, Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost; And day by day some current's thwarting force Sets me more distant from a prosperous course. Yet oh, the thought, that thou art safe, and he! That thought is joy, arrive what may to me. My boast is not that I deduce my birth From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth; But higher far my proud pretensions rise,-The son of parents passed into the skies.

And now, farewell !—Time, unrevoked, has run His wonted course: yet what I wished is done. By contemplation's help, not sought in vain, I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again—To have renewed the joys that once were mine, Without the sin of violating thine:

And while the wings of fancy still are free, And I can view this mimic show of thee, Time has but half succeeded in his theft, Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Cowper's Grave

T is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying,—

It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying:

Yet let the grief and humbleness, as low as silence, languish—

Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish!

- O poets! from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
- O Christians! at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
- O men! this man, in brotherhood, your weary paths beguiling,
- Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,

How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,

And how, when one by one sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,

He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted;

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He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration:
Nor ever shall he be in praise by wise or good forsaken:
Named softly, as the household name of one whom God hath
taken!

With sadness that is calm, not gloom, I learn to think upon him;

With meekness, that is gratefulness, on God whose heaven hath won him—

Who suffered once the madness-cloud toward his love to blind him;

But gently led the blind along where breath and bird could find him;

. And wrought within his shattered brain such quick poetic senses,

As hills have language for, and stars harmonious influences!

The pulse of dew upon the grass his own did softly number; And silent shadow from the trees fell o'er him like a slumber.

The very world, by God's constraint, from falsehood's chill removing,

Its women and its men became beside him, true and loving!

And timid hares were drawn from woods to share his homecaresses.

Uplooking to his human eyes with sylvan tendernesses!

But while in blindness he remained unconscious of the guiding,

And things provided came without the sweet sense of providing.

He testified this solemn truth, though phrenzy desolated— Nor man nor nature satisfy whom only God created!

- Like a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses
- And droppeth on his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
- That turns his fevered eyes around—"My mother! where's my mother?"—
- As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!—
- The fever gone, with leaps of heart, he sees her bending o'er him;
- Her face all pale from watchful love, the unweary love she bore him!—
- Thus, woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
- Beneath those deep pathetic Eyes which closed in death to save him!
- Thus? oh, not thus / no type of earth could image that awaking.
- Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking;
- Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted;
- But felt those eyes alone, and knew "My Saviour! not deserted!"
- Deserted! who hath dreamt that when the cross in darkness rested,
- Upon the victim's hidden face, no love was manifested?
- What frantic hands outstretched have e'er the atoning drops averted,
- What tears have washed them from the soul, that one should be deserted?
- Deserted! God could separate from his own essence rather:

 And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son and

 Father:

Yea, once Immanuel's orphaned cry his universe hath shaken—

It went up single, echoless, "My God, I am forsaken!"

It went up from the holy lips amid his lost creation,

That of the lost no son should use those words of desolation;

That earth's worst phrenzies, marring hope, should mar not hope's fruition,

And I, on Cowper's grave, should see his rapture, in a vision!

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

The Sleep.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."—Psalm cxxvii. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows,—
He giveth his beloved sleep!

What do we give to our beloved?

A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake,—
He giveth his beloved sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;
But never doleful dream again
Shall break his happy slumber when
He giveth his beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife and curse that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
He giveth his belovèd sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill;
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap;
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth his beloved sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard—
He giveth his beloved sleep!

For me my heart, that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth his beloved sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let One most loving of you all
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall;
He giveth his belovèd sleep."

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

The Sexton.

N IGH to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;
His work was done, and he paused to wait
The funeral-train at the open gate.
A relic of by-gone days was he,
And his locks were gray as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin:
"I gather them in—I gather them in—
Gather—gather—I gather them in.

"I gather them in; for man and boy, Year after year of grief and joy, I've builded the houses that lie around In every nook of this burial-ground. Mother and daughter, father and son, Come to my solitude one by one! But come they stranger, or come they kin, gather them in.—I gather them in.

"Many are with me, yet I'm alone;
I'm King of the Dead, and I make my throne
On a monument slab of marble cold—
My scepter of rule is the spade I hold.
Come they from cottage, or come they from hall,
Mankind are my subjects, all—all—all!
May they loiter in pleasure, or toilfully spin,
I gather them in—I gather them in.

"I gather them in, and their final rest Is here, down here, in the earth's dark breast !"-And the Sexton ceased as the funeral-train Wound mutely over that solemn plain; And I said to myself: When time is told, A mightier voice than that sexton's old, Will be heard o'er the last trump's dreadful din: "I gather them in-I gather them in: Gather-gather-gather them in !"

Anonymous.

The Grave.

THE grave, it is deep and soundless, And canopied over with clouds; And trackless, and dim, and boundless Is the unknown land that it shrouds.

In vain may the nightingales warble Their songs-the roses of love And friendship grow white on the marble The living have reared above.

The virgin, bereft at her bridal Of him she has loved, may weep; The wail of the orphan is idle, It breaks not the buried one's sleep.

Yet everywhere else shall mortals For peace unavailingly roam; Except through the shadowy portals Goeth none to his genuine home!

And the heart that tempest and sorrow Have beaten against for years, Must look for a happier morrow Beyond this temple of tears. J. G. VON SALIS. (Translated by J. MANGAN.)

If I had Thought.

I F I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be:
It never through my mind had past
The time would e'er be o'er,
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 't will smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak—thou dost not say
What thou ne'er leftst unsaid;
And then I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou couldst stay e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill bleak corse I have
Thou seemest still my own:
But there I lay thee in the grave—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking, too, of thee.
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!
CHARLES WOLFE.

Coronach.

HE is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain
When our need was the sorest.
The font, reappearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary;
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone and forever!
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Thoughts while making the Grave of a New-born Child.

 $R^{\text{OOM, gentle flowers!}}$ my child would pass to heaven!

Ye looked not for her yet with your soft eyes,
O watchful ushers at Death's narrow door!
But lo! while you delay to let her forth,
Angels, beyond, stay for her! One long kiss
From lips all pale with agony, and tears,
Wrung after anguish had dried up with fire
The eyes that wept them, were the cup of life
Held as a welcome to her. Weep! oh mother!
But not that from this cup of bitterness
A cherub of the sky has turned away.

One look upon thy face ere thou depart!
My daughter! It is soon to let thee go!
My daughter! With thy birth has gushed a spring
I knew not of—filling my heart with tears,
And turning with strange tenderness to thee—
A love—oh God! it seemed so—that must flow
Far as thou fleest, and 't wixt heaven and me,
Henceforward, be a bright and yearning chain
Drawing me after thee! And so, farewell!

'T is a harsh world, in which affection knows
No place to treasure up its loved and lost
But the foul grave! Thou, who so late wast sleeping
Warm in the close fold of a mother's heart,
Scarce from her breast a single pulse receiving
But it was sent thee with some tender thought,
How can I leave thee—here? Alas for man!
The herb in its humility may fall
And waste into the bright and genial air,

While we—by hands that ministered in life Nothing but love to us—are thrust away—
The earth flung in upon our just cold bosoms,
And the warm sunshine trodden out forever!

Yet have I chosen for thy grave, my child, A bank where I have lain in summer hours, And thought how little it would seem like death To sleep amid such loveliness. The brook. Tripping with laughter down the rocky steps That lead up to thy bed, would still trip on, Breaking the dread hush of the mourners gone: The birds are never silent that build here. Trying to sing down the more vocal waters: The slope is beautiful with moss and flowers, And far below, seen under arching leaves, Glitters the warm sun on the village spire, Pointing the living after thee. And this Seems like a comfort; and, replacing now The flowers that have made room for thee, I go To whisper the same peace to her who lies-Robbed of her child and lonely. 'T is the work Of many a dark hour, and of many a prayer, To bring the heart back from an infant gone. Hope must give o'er, and busy fancy blot The images from all the silent rooms, And every sight and sound peculiar to her Undo its sweetest link-and so at last The fountain-that, once struck, must flow forever, Will hide and waste in silence. When the smile Steals to her pallid lip again, and spring Wakens the buds above thee, we will come, And, standing by thy music-haunted grave, Look on each other cheerfully, and say: A child that we have loved is gone to heaven, And by this gate of flowers she passed away!

NATHANIEL P. WILLIS.

Auf Wiedersehen! (Summer.)

THE little gate was reached at last, Half hid in lilacs down the lane; She pushed it wide, and as she passed, A wistful look she backward cast, And said,—"auf wiedersehen!"

With hand on latch, a vision white Lingered reluctant, and again Half doubting if she did aright, Soft as the dews that fell that night, She said,—"auf wiedersehen!"

The lamp's clear gleam flits up the stair, I linger in delicious pain,
Ah, in that chamber whose rich air
To breathe in thought I scarcely dare,
Thinks she,—"auf wiedersehen!"

'Tis thirteen years; once more I press
The turf that silences the lane;
I hear the rustle of her dress,
I smell the lilacs, and—ah, yes,
I hear, "auf wiedersehen!"

Sweet piece of bashful maiden art!

The English words had seemed too fain;
But these—they drew us heart to heart,
Yet held us tenderly apart;
She said,—"auf wiedersehen!"

JAMES R. LOWELL.

Palinode. (Autumn.)

STILL thirteen years: 't is Autumn now On field and hill, in heart and brain; The naked trees at evening sough; The leaf to the forsaken bough Sighs not,—"We meet again!"

Two watched yon oriole's pendant dome,
That now is void and dank with rain;
And one,—O hope more frail than foam!
The bird to his deserted home
Sings not,—"We meet again!"

The loath gate swings with rusty creak;
Once, parting there, we played at pain;
There came a parting, when the weak
And fading lips essayed to speak
Vainly—"We meet again!"

Somewhere is comfort, somewhere faith,
Though thou in outer dark remain;
One sweet sad voice ennobles death,
And still for eighteen centuries saith,
Softly,—"Ye meet again!"

If earth another grave must bear,
Yet heaven hath won a sweeter strain,
And something whispers my despair,
That, from an orient chamber there,
Floats down, "We meet again!"

JAMES R. LOWELL.

After the Burial.

YES, Faith is a goodly anchor When skies are sweet as a psalm; It lolls at the bows so stalwart In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

And when over breakers to leeward
The tattered surges are hurled,
It may keep our head to the tempest,
With its grip on the base of the world.

But, after the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews,
Still true to the broken hawser,
Deep down among seaweed and ooze?

In the breaking gulfs of sorrow,
When the helpless feet stretch out,
And find in the deeps of darkness
No footing so solid as doubt;

Then better one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last!

To the spirit its splendid conjectures,
To the flesh its sweet despair,
Its tears o'er the thin worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it and know it;
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret—
Immortal away from me!

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There's a narrow ridge in the graveyard Would scarce stay a child in his race; But to me and my thought it is wider Than the star-sown vague of space.

Your logic, my friend, is perfect,
Your moral's most drearily true;
But since the earth clashed on her coffin,
I keep hearing that, and not you.

Console, if you will; I can bear it;
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Has made Death other than Death.

It is pagan: but wait till you feel it,
That jar of our earth, that dull shock,
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit! Forgive me,
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my incomes from dreamland
For her rose-leaf palm on my cheek!

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown—
Its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

The Dead House.

HERE once my step was quickened, Here beckoned the opening door, And welcome thrilled from the threshold To the foot it had known before. A glow came forth to meet me
From the flame that laughed in the grate,
And shadows a-dance on the ceiling,
Danced blither with mine for a mate.

"I claim you, old friend," yawned the arm-chair = "This corner, you know, is your seat;"
"Rest your slippers on me" heamed the fender.

"Rest your slippers on me," beamed the fender,
"I brighten at touch of your feet."

"We know the practiced finger,"
Said the books, "that seems like brain;"
And the shy page rustled the secret
It had kept till I came again.

Sang the pillow, "My down once quivered On nightingales' throats that flew Through moonlit gardens of Hafiz To gather quaint dreams for you."

Ah me, where the Past sowed heart's-ease,
The Present plucks rue for us men!
I come back: that scar unhealing
Was not in the churchyard then.

But, I think, the house is unaltered,
I will go and beg to look
At the rooms that were once familiar
To my life as its bed to a brook.

Unaltered! Alas for the sameness
That makes the change but more!
'T is a dead man I see in the mirrors,
'T is his tread that chills the floor!

To learn such a simple lesson, Need I go to Paris and Rome, That the many make the household, But only one the home? 'T was just a womanly presence,
An influence unexpressed,
But a rose she had worn, on my grave-sod
Were more than long life with the rest!

'T was a smile, 't was a garment's rustle,
'T was nothing that I can phrase,
But the whole dumb dwelling grew conscious,
And put on her looks and ways.

Were it mine I would close the shutters, Like lids when the life is fled, And the funeral fire should wind it, This corpse of a home that is dead.

For it died that autumn morning
When she, its soul, was borne
To lie all dark on the hillside
That looks over woodland and corn.

JAMES R. LOWELL.

Fragment.

COLD in earth, and the deep snow piled above thee,
Far, far removed, cold in the dreary grave!
Have I forgot, my only love, to love thee,
Severed at last by time's all severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover
Over the mountains on that northern shore,
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover
Thy noble heart forever, evermore?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers
From those brown hills have melted into spring;
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers
After such years of change and suffering,

Sweet love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee
While the world's tide is bearing me along;
Other desires and other hopes beset me,
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong.

No later light has lightened up my heaven, No second morn has ever shone for me; All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given; All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But when the days of golden dreams had perished, And even despair was powerless to destroy; Then did I learn existence could be cherished, Strengthened and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion,
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And even yet I dare not let it languish,
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,
How could I seek the empty world again?

EMILY BRONTÉ.

An Evening Guest.

If, in the silence of this lonely eve,
With the street-lamp pale flickering on the wall,
An angel were to whisper me, "Believe—
It shall be given thee. Call!"—whom should I call?

And then I were to see thee gliding in,
Clad in known garments, that with empty fold
Lie in my keeping, and my fingers, thin
As thine were once, to feel in thy safe hold:

I should fall weeping on thy neck, and say
"I have so suffered since—since."—But my tears
Would stop, remembering how thou count'st thy day,
A day that is with God a thousand years.

Then what are these sad days, months, years of mine,
To thine eternity of full delight?

What my whole life, when myriad lives divine
May wait, each leading to a higher height?

I lose myself—I faint. Beloved, best,
Let me still dream thy dear humanity
Sits with me here, thy head upon my breast,
And then I will go back to heaven with thee.
DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

The Passage.

M ANY a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave:
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock, and river.

Then in this same boat beside, Sat two comrades old and tried,— One with all a father's truth, One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought, And his grave in silence sought; But the younger, brighter form Passed in battle and in storm.

Lo, whene'er I turn mine eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us, friend to friend, But that soul with soul can blend? Soul-like were those hours of yore; Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly;
For invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.
LUDWIG UHLAND.

(Anonymous Translation.)

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Dowglas, Dowglas, tendir and treu."

OULD ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas, In the old likeness that I knew, I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas, Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do:
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

O to call back the days that are not!

My eyes were blinded, your words were few;

Do you know the truth now up in heaven,

Douglas, Douglas, tender and true?

I never was worthy of you, Douglas,
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows—
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas, Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew,
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

Footsteps of Angels.

WHEN the hours of Day are numbered, And the voices of the Night Wake the better soul that slumbered To a holy, calm delight—

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor wall—

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more!

He, the young and strong, who cherished Noble longings for the strife— By the roadside fell and perished, Weary with the march of life!

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore—
Folded their pale hands so meekly—
Spake with us on earth no more!

And with them the being beauteous Who unto my youth was given, More than all things else to love me, And is now a saint in heaven. With a slow and notseless footstep Comes that messenger divine, Takes the vacant chair beside me, Lays her gentle hand in mine;

And she sits and gazes at me, With those deep and tender eyes, Like the stars, so still and saint-like, Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended, Is the spirit's voiceless prayer— Soft rebukes, in blessings ended, Breathing from her lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Heroes.

THE winds that once the Argo bore
Have died by Neptune's ruined shrines:
And her hull is the drift of the deep-sea floor,
Though shaped of Pelion's tallest pines.
You may seek her crew on every isle
Fair in the foam of Ægean seas;
But out of their rest no charm can wile
Jason and Orpheus and Hercules.

And Priam's wail is heard no more
By windy Ilion's sea-built walls;
Nor great Achilles, stained with gore,
Cries "O ye gods, 't is Hector falls!"

On Ida's mount is the shining snow;
But Jove has gone from its brow away;
And red on the plain the poppies grow
Where the Greek and the Trojan fought that day

Mother Earth, are the heroes dead?

Do they thrill the soul of the years no more?

Are the gleaming snows and the poppies red
All that is left of the brave of yore?

Are there none to fight as Theseus fought,
Far in the young world's misty dawn?

Or to teach as the gray-haired Nestor taught?

Mother Earth, are the heroes gone?

Gone? In a grander form they rise!

Dead? We may clasp their hands in ours,

And catch the light of their clearer eyes,

And wreathe their brows with immortal flowers.

Wherever a noble deed is done,

'T is the pulse of a hero's heart is stirred;

Wherever the Right has a triumph won,

There are the heroes' voices heard.

Their armor rings on a fairer field
Than the Greek or the Trojan ever trod:
For Freedom's sword is the blade they wield,
And the light above is the smile of God.
So in his isle of calm delight
Jason may sleep the years away;
For the heroes live, and the skies are bright,
And the world is a braver world to-day.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

14

The Difference.

A LITTLE river with its rock-laid banks
In somber elm and laughing linden dressed,
A setting sun behind their highest ranks,
A light skiff floating on the river's breast.

You must remember yet that fair June day!

It was a time when setting suns said less
Of speeding time and glorious things' decay,
And vacant watches through the sunlessness;

But more of newer sun and fresher dawn, More of the inner glories hinted through The orange gates of sunset half withdrawn, And burning inward as the glory grew.

You know we talked philosophy—or thought We did; and flippantly aside we threw All that the solemn-thoughted prophets taught, All that the glorious-visioned exile drew.

The untaught record of their simple page
Whose footsteps paced with His the morning-land.
As rude inscriptions of a younger age,
Unworthy of the ripe world's freer hand.

A whiter light should rise upon the years,
A freer wave should break on every strand,
The New assuage the Old World's toils and tears,
The West should tell it to the morning-land.

But many suns since then have died in flame, And many skies for them been sable-clad: The quiet stream moves onward still the same, With shades to chill, and dawns to make it glad. Much have we seen since then, and much outgrown;
The world of may-be broadens on our sight.
And vaster grows the shadow-clothed unknown—
And ever grander in the growing light.

But while the world's great possible grows more, And wider outlooks face the eternal hills, A narrowing vista through the years' dull score Becomes the vale our straitened pathway fills.

And suns set earlier now, and twilights have
A shade of chill we hardly care to own,
And thinner breaks the water's measured stave,
And evening skies seem not so brightly sown.

And we, apostles of the new time's youth,
Are treading in the way our fathers trod,
Still blest to grasp their store of well-tried truth,
And follow in their patient path to God.
EVANGELINE M. JOHNSON.

My Psalm.

I MOURN no more my vanished years;
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again,

The west winds blow, and singing low,
I hear the glad streams run:
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear;
But grateful take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land, To harvest weed and tare; The manna dropping from God's hand Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim-staff, I lay Aside the toiling oar; The angel sought so far away I welcome at my door.

The airs of spring may never play Among the ripening corn, Nor freshness of the flowers of May Blow through the autumn morn;

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven;
And the pale aster in the brook
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south-wind softly sigh,
And sweet calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word Rebuke an age of wrong: The graven flowers that wreathe the sword Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal, To build as to destroy; Nor less my heart for others feel, That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told t

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved
His chastening turned me back—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense,
Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seem at last,
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain ranges overpast,
In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life Seem blending in a psalm, And all the angles of its strife Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Three Voices.

WHAT saith the Past to thee? Weep!
Truth is departed;
Beauty hath died like the dream of a sleep,
Love is faint-hearted:

Trifles of sense, the profoundly unreal,
Scare from our spirits God's holy ideal—
So, as a funeral-bell, slowly and deep,
So tolls the Past to thee! Weep!

How speaks the Present hour? Act!
Walk, upward glancing:
So shall thy footsteps in glory be tracked,
Slow, but advancing.
Scorn not the smallness of daily endeavor,
Let the great meaning ennoble it ever;
Droop not o'er efforts expended in vain;
Work, as believing that labor is gain.

What doth the Future say? Hope!

Turn thy face sunward!

Look where light fringes the far-rising slope—

Day cometh onward.

Watch! Though so long be the twilight delaying—

Let the first sunbeam arise on thee praying!

Fear not, for greater is God by thy side

Than armies of Satan against thee allied!

ANONYMOUS.

The Cloud on the Way.

SEE, before us in our journey broods a mist upon the ground;

Thither leads the path we walk in, blending with that gloomy bound.

Never eye hath pierced its shadows to the mystery they screen,

Those who once have passed within it nevermore on earth are seen.

Now it seems to stop beside us, now at seeming distance lowers.

Leaving banks that tempt us onward bright with summer green and flowers.

Yet it blots the way forever; there our journey ends at last; With that dark cloud we enter and are gathered to the past. Thou who in this flinty pathway, leading through a stranger land

Passest down the rocky valley, walking with me hand in hand, Which of us shall be the soonest folded to that dim Unknown, Which shall leave the other walking in this flinty path alone? Even now I see thee shudder, and thy cheek is white with fear.

And thou clingest to my side as that dark mist comes sweeping near.

"Here," thou say'st, "the path is rugged, sown with thorns that wound the feet;

But the sheltered glens are lovely, and the rivulet's song is sweet:

Roses breathe from tangled thickets; lilies bend from ledges brown;

Pleasantly between the pelting showers the sunshine gushes down.

Far be yet the hour that takes me where that chilly shadow lies.

From the things I know and love, and from the sight of loving eyes."

So thou murmurest, fearful one, but see, we tread a rougher way;

Fainter grow the gleams of sunshine that upon the dark rocks play;

Rude winds strew the faded flowers upon the crags o'er which we pass;

Banks of verdure, when we reach them, hiss with tufts of withered grass.

Yet upon the mist before us fix thine eyes with closer view,

See, beneath its sullen skirts the rosy morning glimmers through.

One, whose feet the thorns have wounded entered thither and came back,

With a glory on his footsteps lighting yet the dreary track. Boldly enter where he entered: all that seems but darkness here,

When thou once hast passed beyond it, haply shall be crystal clear,

Seen from that serener realm the walks of human life may lie

Like the page of some familiar volume open to mine eye. Haply from the o'erhanging shadow thou may'st stretch an unseen hand

To support the wavering steps that print with blood the rugged land.

Haply, leaning o'er the pilgrim all unweeting thou art near, Thou may'st whisper words of warning and of comfort in his ear,

Till, beyond the border where that brooding mystery bars the sight,

Those whom thou hast fondly cherished stand with thee in peace and light.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Messiah.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song—
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!
Rapt into future times the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive—a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies!
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.

Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour, And in soft silence shed the kindly shower! The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid-From storm a shelter, and from heat a shade. All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail; Returning Justice lift aloft her scale, Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend, And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend. Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn! O spring to light! auspicious babe, be born! See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring, With all the incense of the breathing Spring! See lofty Lebanon his head advance; See nodding forests on the mountains dance; See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise, And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies! Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers: Prepare the way! a God, a God appears! A God, a God! the vocal hills reply— The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity. Lo, earth receives Him from the bending skies! Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys, rise! With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay! Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way! The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold-Hear Him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold! He from thick films shall purge the visual ray, And on the sightless eyeball pour the day; 'T is He, the obstructed paths of sound shall clear, And bid new music charm the unfolding ear; The dumb shall sing; the lame his crutch forego, And leap exulting like the bounding roe. No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear-From every face He wipes off every tear. In adamantine chains shall Death be bound, And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound. As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care, Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,

Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs. By day o'ersees them, and by night protects: The tender lambs He raises in His arms-Feeds from His hand, and in His bosom warms: Thus shall mankind His guardian care engage-The promised Father of the future age. No more shall nation against nation rise, Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes; Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er, The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; But useless lances into scythes shall bend, And the broad falchion in a plowshare end. Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun; Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field; The swain in barren deserts with surprise Sees lilies spring and sudden verdure rise; And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear New falls of water murmuring in his ear. On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes, The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods: Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn, The spiry fir and shapely box adorn; To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed. And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed: The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead, And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead: The steer and lion at one crib shall meet, And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. The smiling infant in his hand shall take The crested basilisk and speckled snake— Pleased, the green luster of the scales survey. And with their forked tongue shall innocently play. Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise! Exalt thy towery head, and lift thine eves! See a long race thy spacious courts adorn:

See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,

In crowding ranks on every side arise. Demanding life, impatient for the skies! See barbarous nations at thy gates attend. Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend: See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings, And heaped with products of Sabean springs! For Thee Idume's spicy forests blow, And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow. See heaven its sparkling portals wide display, And break upon thee in a flood of day! No more the rising sun shall gild the morn, Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn; But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays, One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze, O'erflow thy courts; the Light Himself shall shine Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine! The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away; But fixed His word, His saving power remains; Thy realm forever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns! ALEXANDER POPE.

A Christmas Hymn.

T was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars—
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'T was in the calm and silent night!

The Senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway;
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago?

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Oh, strange indifference! low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still—but knew not why;
The world was listening, unawares,
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment, none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever—
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!

A thousand bells ring out and throw
Their joyous peals abroad and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!

The night that erst no name had worn
To it a happy name is given:
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

ALFRED DOMMETT.

Christmas.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new— Ring, happy bells, across the snow: The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite: Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease, Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,

The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land—
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Epiphany.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid:

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,

Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

BISHOP HEBER.

The Star of Bethlehem.

WHEN marshaled on the nightly plain, The glittering host bestud the sky; One star alone of all the train Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck—I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,

I'll sing, first in night's diadem,

Forever and for evermore,

The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

HENRY -KIRKE WHITE.

The Crucifixion.

BOUND upon the accursed tree, Faint and bleeding—who is He? By the eyes so pale and dim, Streaming blood and writhing limb; By the flesh with scourges torn, By the crown of twisted thorn, By the side so deeply pierced, By the baffled, burning thirst, By the drooping, death-dewed brow, Son of Man! 'tis Thou,' tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful—who is He?
By the sun at noonday pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil;
By earth that trembles at his doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden, promised ere he died
To the felon at his side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying—who is He?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chambers of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know thee now—
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon the accursed tree,
Dread and awful—who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew—
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoiled and empty grave,
By the souls he died to save,
By the conquests he hath won,
By the saints before his throne,
By the rainbow round his brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

HENRY HART MILMAN.

The Crucifixion.

From the Italian.

ASKED the heavens: "What foe to God hath done This unexampled deed?" The heavens exclaim, "'Twas man, and we in horror snatched the sun From such a spectacle of guilt and shame!" I asked the sea; the sea in fury boiled, And answered with his voice of storm, "'T was man; My waves in panic at the crime recoiled, Disclosed the abyss, and from the center ran!" I asked the earth; the earth replied, aghast, "'T was man, and such strange pangs my bosom rent, That still I groan and shudder at the past!"

To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man I went, And asked him next; he turned a scornful eye, Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

IAMES MONTGOMERY.

Whence and Whither.

THE REIGN OF LAW.

*Ετέρα μέν ή των έπουρανίων δόξα, έτέρα δέ ή των έπιγείων.

THE dawn went up the sky,
Like any other day;
And they had only come
To mourn Him where he lay,
"We ne'er have seen the law
Reversed 'neath which we lie;
Exceptions none are found,
And when we die, we die.
Resigned to fact we wander hither,
We ask no more the whence and whither.

"Vain questions! from the first
Put, and no answer found.
He binds us with the chain
Wherewith himself is bound.
From west to east the earth
Unrolls her primal curve;
The sun himself were vexed
Did he one furlong swerve:
The myriad years have whirled us hither,
But tell not of the whence and whither.

"We know but what we see—
Like cause and like event:
One constant force runs on
Transmuted, but unspent.
Because they are, they are;
The mind may frame a plan;
'Tis from herself she draws
A special thought for man:
The natural choice that brought us hither,
Is silent on the whence and whither.

"If God there be, or Gods
Without our science lies;
We cannot see or touch,
Measure or analyze.
Life is but what we live,
We know but what we know,
Closed in these bounds alone
Whether God be, or no:
The self-moved force that bore us hither
Reveals no whence, and hints no whither.

"Ah, which is likelier truth,
That law should hold its way,
Or, for this one of all,
Life reassert her sway?
Like any other morn
The sun goes up the sky;
No crisis marks the day,
For when we die, we die.
No fair fond hope allures us hither:
The law is dumb on whence and whither."

—Then wherefore are ye come?
Why watch a worn-out corse?
Why weep a ripple past
Down the long stream of force?
If life is that which keeps
Each organism whole,
No atom may be traced
Of what he thought the soul:
It had its term of passage hither,
But knew no whence, and knows no whither.

The forces that were Christ
Have ta'en new forms and fled;
The common sun goes up,
The dead are with the dead.

'T was but a phantom-life
That seemed to think and will,
Evolving self and God
By some subjective skill;
That had its day of passage hither,
But knew no whence, and knows no whither.

If this be all in all;
Life but one mode of force;
Law but the plan which binds
The sequences in course:
All essence, all design
Shut out from mortal ken:
We bow to Nature's fate,
And drop the style of men!
The summer dust the wind wafts hither,
Is not more dead to whence and whither.

But if our life be life,
And thought, and will, and love
Not vague unconscious airs
That o'er wild harp-strings move;
If consciousness be aught
Of all it seems to be,
And souls are something more
Than lights that gleam and flee:
Though dark the road that leads us thither,
The heart must ask its whence and whither.

To matter or to force
The All is not confined;
Beside the law of things
Is set the law of mind;
One speaks in rock and star,
And one within the brain;
In unison at times,
And then apart again:
And both in one have brought us hither,
That we may know our whence and whither.

The sequences of law

We learn through mind alone;
'T is only through the soul

That aught we know is known:

With equal voice she tells

Of what we touch and see

Within these bounds of life,

And of a life to be;

Proclaiming One who brought us hither,

And holds the keys of whence and whither.

O shrine of God that now
Must learn itself with awe!
O heart and soul that move
Beneath a living law!
That which seemed all the rule
Of nature, is but part;
A larger, deeper law
Claims also soul and heart.
The force that framed and bore us hither
Itself—at once is whence and whither.

We may not hope to read
Or comprehend the whole
Or of the law of things,
Or of the law of soul:
E'en in the eternal stars
Dim perturbations rise;
And all the searcher's search
Does not exhaust the skies:
He who has framed and brought us hither
Holds in his hands the whence and whither.

He in his science plans
What no known laws foretell;
The wandering fires and fixed
Alike are miracle:

The common death of all,

The life renewed above,
And both within the scheme
Of that all-circling love.
The seeming chance that cast us hither,
Accomplishes his whence and whither.

Then, though the sun go up

His beaten azure way,

God may fulfil! his thought,

And bless his world to-day;

Beside the law of things

The law of mind enthrone,

And, for the hope of all,

Reveal himself in one;

Himself the way that leads us thither,

The All-in-all the Whence and Whither.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

The Ascension.

Our Jesus is gone up on high; The powers of hell are captive led, Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay!
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

"Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene;
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in!"

Who is the King of Glory, who?—
The Lord that all our foes o'ercame:
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

Who is the King of Glory, who?—
The Lord of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blessed!

CHARLES WESLEY.

Gethsemane.

I READ how, in Gethsemane,
The suffering Saviour bowed the knee:
My tears fell fast upon the book,—
It was so grandly sad to read
Of Him, in darkness, grief, and need—
It seemed to me that I could look
Through all thy shades, Gethsemane,
And see the One who died for me.

I too had my Gethsemane:
The hour of darkness came to me,
And none was by to watch or aid:
In grief and fear I drank, alas,
The bitter cup that would not pass—
Then like my Lord I knelt and prayed,
And in my own Gethsemane
I found the One who died for me.
WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

Pilgrimage.

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staffe of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joye—immortal diet—
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage;
—And thus I take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer, While my soul, like peaceful palmer, Travelleth towards the land of heaven; Other balm will not be given.

Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowle of blisse,
And drink mine everlasting fill
Upon every milken-hill:
My soul will be a-dry before;
But after that will thirst no more.
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Litany.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes—
O, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy helpless infant years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness;
By the dread, mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power—
Turn, O turn, a favoring eye—
Hear our solemn Litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept O'er the grave where Lazarus slept; By the boding tears that flowed Over Salem's loved abode; By the anguished sigh that told Treachery lurked within the fold— From Thy seat above the sky Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer;
By the cross, the wail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice—
Listen to our humble cry:
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God!
O! from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty, reascended Lord—
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

The Stranger.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer "Nay."
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love,—I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered. Not a word he spake.
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate;—but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er;
I drank and never thirsted more.

'T was night; the floods were out,—it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest—
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath—
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed.
I had, myself, a wound concealed—
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,

The stranger darted from disguise;

The tokens in his hands I knew—

My Saviour stood before mine eyes.

He spake; and my poor name he named—

"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;

These deeds shall thy memorial be;

Fear not! thou didst them unto me."

JAMES MONTGOMERY

The Seraph throwing off his Disguise.

WILD sparkling rage inflamed the Father's eyes,
He bursts the bonds of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man.
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
Celestial odors fill the empurpled air:
While wings, whose colors glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light!

Christus Consolator.

Σὐν Χριστῷ-πολλῷ μᾶλλον κρεῖσσον.

H OPE of those that have none other, Left for life by father, mother, All their dearest lost or taken, Only not by thee forsaken; Comfort thou the sad and lonely, Saviour dear, for thou canst only.

When the glooms of night are o'er us, Satan in his strength before us:
When despair, and doubt, and terror
Drag the blinded heart to error,
Comfort thou the poor and lonely,
Saviour dear, for thou canst only.

'HOW AMIABLE ARE THY TABERNACLES." 341

By thy days of earthly trial, By thy friend's foreknown denial, By thy cross of bitter anguish, Leave not thou thy lambs to languish; Comforting the weak and lonely, Lead them in thy pastures only.

Sick with hope deferred, or yearning For the never-now-returning, When the glooms of grief o'ershade us, Thou hast known, and thou wilt aid us! To thine own heart take the lonely, Leaning on thee only, only.

FRANCIS T. PALGRAVE.

"How amiable are Thy Tabernacles."

PLEASANT are Thy courts above In the land of light and love:
Pleasant are thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fullness, God of grace!

Happy birds, that sing and fly Round Thy altars, O Most High! Happier souls that find a rest In a Heavenly Father's breast! Like the wandering dove that found No repose on earth around, They can to their ark repair, And enjoy it ever there. Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe:
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this praise to win!
Guide me through a world of sin:
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and Shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart!
Grace and glory flow from Thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me!

HENRY F. LYTE

The Heart's Song.

In the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom-door!

How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!

Say not 't is thy pulse's beating;
'T is thy heart of sin—
'T is thy Saviour knocks, and crieth:
Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut,
Think you Death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?

Jesus waiteth, waiteth,
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth:
Death breaks in at last.

Then 't is thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in:
At the gate of heaven beating,
Wailing for thy sin.
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot?
Jesus waited long to know thee,—
But he knows thee not!

ARTHUR C. COXE.

Christ's Call to the Soul.

FAIR soul, created in the primal hour,
Once pure and grand,
And for whose sake I left my throne and power
At God's right hand,
By this sad heart pierced through because I love thee,
Let love and mercy to contrition move thee!

Cast off the sins thy holy beauty veiling,
Spirit divine!
Vain against thee the host of hell assailing;
My strength is thine!
Drink from my side the cup of life immortal,
And love will lead thee back to heaven's portal!

I for thy sake was pierced with many sorrows,
And bore the cross,
Yet heeded not the galling of the arrows,
The shame and loss;
So faint not thou, whate'er the burden be:
But bear it bravely ev'n to Calvary!
SAVONAROLA.

(Anonymous Translation.)

Consolation.

PILGRIM burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate,
There, till mercy lets thee in,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock!—He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep!—He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch!—for saving grace is nigh;
Wait—till heavenly light appears.

Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice:
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and sealed, and bought, and blest.
Safe—from all the lures of vice,
Sealed—by signs the chosen know,
Bought by love, and life the price,
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

Holy pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain.
Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly,
Shame—from glory's view retire,
Doubt—in certain rapture die,
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

CRABBE.

"Christ turned and looked upon Peter."

THINK that look of Christ might seem to say—
"Thou, Peter! art thou then a common stone,
Which I at last must break my heart upon,
For all God's charge to his high angels may
Guard my foot better? Did I yesterday
Wash thy feet, my beloved, that they should run
Quick to deny me 'neath the morning sun?
And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray?
The cock crows coldly. Go, and manifest
A late contrition, but no brother's fear!
For when thy deadly need is bitterest,
Thou shall not be denied as I am here;
My voice, to God and angels, shall attest—
Because I knew this man let him be clear!"

ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

"Looked upon Peter."

WHAT might it be that glance could paint?
Did one deep-touching impress blend
The more than sage—the more than saint—
The more than sympathizing friend?

Was it that lightning thought retraced Some hallowed hour beneath the moon? Or walk, or converse high, that graced The temple's columned shade at noon?

Say, did that face, to memory's eye,
With gleams of Tabor's glory shine?
Or did the dews of agony
Still rest upon that brow divine?

I know not;—but I know a will
That, Lord! might frail as Peter's be!
A heart that had denied thee still,
E'en now—without a look from thee!
SAMUEL M. WARING.

Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed; The motion of a hidden fire That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath—
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice Returning from his ways, While angels on their wings rejoice, And cry,—"Behold, he prays!"

The saints in prayer appear as one In word, and deed, and mind, When with the Father, Spirit, Son, Sweet fellowship they find. Nor prayer is made on earth alone,—
The Holy Spirit pleads,—
And Jesus on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God!
The Life—the Truth—the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord, teach us how to pray!

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Strive, Wait, and Pray.

STRIVE: yet I do not promise
The prize you dream of to-day
Will not fade when you think to grasp it,
And melt in your hand away;
But another and holier treasure,
You would now perchance disdain,
Will come when your toil is over,
And pay you for all your pain.

Wait: yet I do not tell you
The hour you long for now
Will not come with its radiance vanished,
And a shadow upon its brow;
Yet, far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy you know not
Is winging her silent flight.

Pray: though the gift you ask for May never comfort your fears— May never repay your pleading— Yet pray, and with hopeful tears; An answer, not that you long for,
But choicer, will come one day;
Your eyes are too dim to see it,
Yet strive, and wait, and pray.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

Incompleteness.

NOTHING resting in its own completeness, Can have worth or beauty: but alone, Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness, Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning, Gracious though it be, of her blue hours; But is hidden in her tender leaning Toward the summer's richer wealth of flowers

Dawn is fair, because her mists fade slowly
Into day which floods the world with light;
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy,
Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only bright when it proceedeth
Toward a truer, deeper Life above:
Human love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect love.

Childhood's smiles unconscious graces borrow
From strife that in a far-off future lies;
And angel glances veiled now by life's sorrow
Draw our hearts to some beloved eyes.

Learn the mystery of progression duly:

Do not call each glorious change decay;
But know we only hold our treasures truly,
When it seems as if they passed away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness, In that want their beauty lies; they roll Toward some infinite depth of love and sweetness, Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

The Gifts of God.

THEN God at first made man, Having a glass of blessings standing by; "Let us," said he, "pour on him all we can; Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie, Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way; Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honor, pleasure; When almost all was out, God made a stay, Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure, Rest in the bottom lay.

"For if I should," said he, "Bestow this jewel also on my creature, He would adore my gifts instead of me, And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature; So both should losers be.

"Yet let him keep the rest, But keep them with repining restlessness; Let him be sick and weary, that at least, If goodness lead him not, yet weariness May toss him to my breast."

GEORGE HERBERT.

Imperfection of Human Sympathy.

WHY should we faint and fear to live alone, Since all alone, so heaven has willed, we die; Nor e'en the tenderest heart, and next our own, Knows half the reasons why we smile and sigh?

Each in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,
Our hermit spirits dwell, and range apart;
Our eyes see all around in gloom or glow,
Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

And well it is for us our God should feel
Alone our secret throbbings; so our prayer
May readier spring to heaven, nor spend its zeal
On cloud-born idols of this lower air.

For if one heart in perfect sympathy

Beat with another, answering love for love,

Weak mortals all entranced on earth would lie,

Nor listen for those purer strains above.

Or what if Heaven for once its searching light
Lent to some partial eye, disclosing all
The rude bad thoughts that in our bosoms night
Wander at large, nor heed love's gentle thrall?

Who would not shun the dreary uncouth place?
As if, fond leaning where her infant slept,
A mother's arm a serpent should embrace;
So might we friendless live, and die unwept,

Then keep the softening veil in mercy drawn,

Thou who canst love us, though thou read us true;
As on the bosom of the aerial lawn

Melts in dim haze each coarse, ungentle hue.

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Thou know'st our bitterness—our joys are thine— No stranger thou to all our wanderings wild: Nor could we bear to think how every line Of us, thy darkened likeness and defiled,

Stands in full sunshine of thy piercing eye,
But that thou call'st us brethren; sweet repose
Is in that word—The Lord who dwells on high
Knows all, yet loves us better than he knows.

JOHN KEBLE.

We are Growing Old.

WE are growing old—how the thought will rise
When a glance is backward cast
On some long-remembered spot that lies
In the silence of the past!
It may be the shrine of our early vows,
Or the tomb of early tears;
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,
In the stormy sea of years.

O, wide and wild are the waves that part
Our steps from its greenness now;
And we miss the joy of many a heart,
And the light of many a brow.
For deep o'er many a stately bark
Have the whelming billows rolled,
That steered with us from that early mark—
O, friends, we are growing old,—

Old in the dimness and the dust
Of our daily toils and cares;
Old in the wrecks of love and trust,
Which our burdened memory bears.

Each form may wear to the passing gaze
The bloom of life's freshness yet,
And beams may brighten our later days
Which the morning never met.

But oh, the changes we have seen
In the far and winding way;
The graves that have in our path grown green,
And the locks that have grown gray!
The winters still on our own may spare
The sable or the gold:
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—
And, friends, we are growing old!

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,
We have learned to pause and fear;
But where are the living founts whose flow
Was a joy of heart to hear?
We have won the wealth of many a clime,
And the lore of many a page:
But where is the hope that saw in time
But its boundless heritage?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,
And the woods their youth renew?
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes
When the bloom was deep and blue;
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,
But the joy was faint and cold;
For it never could give us the youth again
Of hearts that are growing old.

FRANCES BROWN.

Watching for Dawn.

A S yestermorn my years have flown away;
But for lost youth there come no new to-morrows:
No lure compels the drowsy joys to stay—
No curtain quite shuts out the bat-winged sorrows.

O my sweet youth! Left I one fruit untasted, One flower not plucked on any farthest bough?— Ashes for beauty, dust for fragrance, wasted: All that was sweetest grows most bitter now.

Then plucked I bitter sweets, yet plucked again:
Fool! But, O man! was I alone in folly?
Each morn renews the opium-dreamer's pain—
Each sigh confirms the poet's melancholy.

Self-love is mad—grows madder with indulgence:
Angels may weep to see it strive and dare.
Ah! why was Heaven robbed of your effulgence,
Swift, Byron, Shelley, Heine, Baudelaire?

In this dark night of mortal wretchedness
What stars are fixed? I see but comets gleaming;
Without, are sounds of strife and dull distress—
Within, I watch a candle's fitful beaming.

Yet stars there are, like fires afar off burning— Still, underneath the horizon, there is day: Oh for more light to aid my slow discerning! What can I do but watch, and weep, and pray?

Look! in the east appear some gleams of morn—A breath of sweetness floats upon the air;

Now, while within my spirit hope is born,

A still, small voice gives answer to my prayer.

"Put out the candle, for the sun has risen!
All other lights, above, below, grow dim;
Go, Soul! like Paul and Silas, from thy prison;
Christ hath redeemed thee—be complete in Him."

ANONYMOUS

The Return of Youth.

M Y friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
For thy fair youthful years, too swift of flight;
Thou musest with wet eyes upon the time
Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light,—
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
And quick the thought that moved thy tongue to speak;
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep:
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
Slopes downward to the place of common sleep;
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
Leave, one by one, thy side; and, waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age,—
Dull love of rest, and weariness, and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die;
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;—
Waits like the morn, that folds her wing and hides
Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits like the vanished Spring, that slumbering bides
Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again;
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not through the silence, to thine ear,
A gentle rustling of the morning gales?
A murmur, wafted from that glorious shore,
Of streams that water banks forever fair;
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Labor and Rest.

TWO hands upon the breast,
And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,—
The race is run;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
And wrath at peace!—
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot,—
God in his mercy answereth not.

Two hands to work addressed Aye for his praise; Two feet that never rest, Walking his ways; Two eyes that look above,
Still through all tears;
Two lips that breathe but love,
Nevermore fears,
So pray we afterward low on our knees;
Pardon those erring prayers!
Father, hear these!

DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

God.

'Whom have I in Heaven but Thee ?"

I LOVE (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse; she gives me food;
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee?
And what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air; her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee?

I love the sea; she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor: she provides me store;
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater;
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore;
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth, to me?

To Heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Ine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky;
But what is Heaven, just God, compared to thee?
Without thy presence, Heaven's no Heaven to me.

Vithout thy presence, earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure;
Vithout thy presence, air's a rank infection;
Without thy presence, Heaven itself's no pleasure.
If not possessed, if not enjoyed in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or Heaven to me?
FRANCIS QUARLES.

The Soul.

A GAIN, how can she but immortal be,
When with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests till she attain to it?

Water in conduit-pipes can rise no higher
Than the well-head from whence it first doth spring;
Then since to Eternal God she doth aspire,
She cannot be but an eternal thing.

"All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shows their nature such;"
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins, From out her womb at last doth take a birth, And runs a lymph along the grassy plains. Long doth she stay, as loth to leave the land From whose soft side she first did issue make; She tastes all places, turns to every hand, Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet Nature so her streams doth lead and carry, As that her course doth make no final stay, Till she herself unto the ocean marry, Within whose watery bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which in this earthly mould The spirit of God doth secretly infuse, Because at first she doth the earth behold, And only this material world she views.

At first her mother Earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught That with her heavenly nature doth agree; She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought, She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet in honor, health,
Or pleasure of the sense contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had wealth?
Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind?

Then as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers with luster fresh and gay,—
She lights on that and this, and tasteth all,
But pleased with none, doth rise and soar away—

So, when the soul finds here no true content, And like Noah's dove can no sure footing take, She doth return from whence she first was sent, And flies to Him that first her wings did make.

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT ON HIGH. 359

So, while the virgin soul on earth doth stay,
She, wooed and tempted in ten thousand ways,
By these great powers which on the earth bear sway,
The wisdom of the world, wealth, pleasure, praise;

With these sometimes she doth her time beguile,
These do by fibs her fantasy possess;
But she distastes them all within a while,
And in the sweetest finds a tediousness:

But if upon the world's Almighty King
She once doth fix her humble loving thought,
Who, by his picture drawn in everything,
And sacred messages, her love has sought:

Of him she thinks she cannot think too much; The honey tasted still, is ever sweet; The pleasure of her ravished thought is such, As almost here she with her bliss doth meet.

But when in heaven she shall his essence see, This is her sovereign good and perfect bliss: Her longings, wishes, hopes, all finished be, Her joys are full, her motions rest in this.

There is she crowned with garlands of content;
There doth she manna eat, and nectar drink;
That presence doth such high delights present
As never tongue could speak, nor heart could think.
SIR JOHN DAVIES.

The spacious Firmament on high.

THE spacious firmament on high, With all the blue ethereal sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great Original proclaim. The unwearied sun, from day to day, Does his Creator's power display, And publishes to every land The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine!"

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Son-dayes.

Bright shadows of true rest! some shoots of blisse:
Heaven once a week:
The next world's gladnesse prepossesst in this;
A day to seek:
Eternity in time: the steps by which
We climb above all ages: lamps that light
Man through his heap of dark days: and the rich

And full redemption of the whole week's flight!

The pulleys unto headlong man: time's bower;
The narrow way;

Transplanted Paradise: God's walking houre:
The cool o' the day!

The creature's jubilee; God's parbe with dust:

Heaven here; man on those hills of myrrh and flowres;

Angels descending; the returns of trust;

A gleam of glory after six-days-showres!

The Churche's love-feasts: time's prerogative,
And interest

Deducted from the whole: the combs and hive, And home of rest:

The milky-way chalkt out with suns; a clue, That guides through erring homes; and in full story,

A taste of heaven on earth: the pledge and cue Of a full feast; and the out-courts of glory.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

The Spiritual Temple.

["And the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard in the house, while it was in building."—1 KINGS, vi. 7. See also chap. v. 7-18.]

AND whence, then, came these goodly stones 't was Israel's pride to raise,

The glory of the former house, the joy of ancient days;
In purity and strength erect, in radiant splendor bright,
Sparkling with golden beams of noon, or silver smiles of
night?

From coasts the stately cedar crowns, each noble slab was brought,

In Lebanon's deep quarries hewn, and on its mountains wrought;

There rung the hammer's heavy stroke among the echoing rocks,

There chased the chisel's keen, sharp edge, the rude, unshapen blocks.

Thence polished. perfected, complete, each fitted to its place,

For lofty coping, massive wall, or deep imbedded base, They bore them o'er the waves that rolled their billowy swell between

The shores of Tyre's imperial pride and Judah's hills of green.

With gradual toil the work went on, through days and months and years,

Beneath the summer's laughing sun, and winter's frozen tears;

And thus in majesty sublime and noiseless pomp it rose,— Fit dwelling for the God of Peace! a temple of repose!

Brethren in Christ! to holier things the simple type apply; Our God himself a temple builds, eternal and on high, Of souls elect; their Zion there—that world of light and bliss:

Their Lebanon—the place of toil—of previous moulding—
this.

From nature's quarries, deep and dark, with gracious aim he hews

The stones, the spiritual stones, it pleaseth him to choose: Hard, rugged, shapeless at the first, yet destined each to shine.

Moulded beneath his patient hand, in purity divine.

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Oh, glorious process! see the proud grow lowly, gentle, meek;

See floods of unaccustomed tears gush down the hardened cheek:

Perchance the hammer's heavy stroke o'erthrew some idol fond;

Perchance the chisel rent in twain some precious, tender bond.

Behold he prays whose lips were sealed in silent scorn before;

Sighs for the closet's holy calm, and hails the welcome door; Behold he works for Jesus now, whose days went idly past:

Oh! for more mouldings of the hand that works a change so vast!

Ye looked on one, a well-wrought stone, a saint of God matured,—

What chiselings that heart had felt, what chastening strokes endured!

But marked ye not that last soft touch, what perfect grace it gave,

Ere Jesus bore his servant home, across the darksome wave?—

Home to the place his grace designed that chosen soul to fill, In the bright temple of the saved, "upon his holy hill;" Home to the noiselessness, the peace of those sweet shrines above.

Whose stones shall never be displaced—set in redeeming love.

Lord, chisel, chasten, polish us, each blemish work away, Cleanse us with purifying blood, in spotless robes array; And thus, thine image on us stamped, transport us to the shore,

Where not a stroke is ever felt, for none is needed more.

Soul and Body.

A SONNET.

POOR soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Foiled by those robel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine, to aggravate thy store!
By terms divine in selling hours of dross!
Within be fed, without be rich no more!
So shalt thou feed on death that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Lord the Good Shepherd.

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe-folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray, Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear; Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay; No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O! what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God!
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above:
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love,
JAMES MONTGOMERY.

O Saviour! whose Mercy.

O SAVIOUR! whose mercy, severe in its kindness, Hath chastened my wanderings and guided my way, Adored be the power that illumined my blindness, And weaned me from phantoms that smiled to betray.

Enchanted with all that was dazzling and fair,
I followed the rainbow, I caught at the toy;
And still in displeasure thy goodness was there,
Disappointing the hope and defeating the joy.

The blossom blushed bright, but a worm was below;
The moonlight shone fair, there was blight in the beam;
Sweet whispered the breeze—but it whispered of woe;
And bitterness flowed in the soft-flowing stream.

So cured of my folly, yet cured but in part,
I turned to the refuge thy pity displayed;
And still did this eager and credulous heart
Weave visions of promise that bloomed but to fade.

I thought that the course of the pilgrim to heaven
Would be bright as the summer, and glad as the morn:
Thou show'dst me the path; it was dark and uneven,
All rugged with rock, and all tangled with thorn.

I dreamed of celestial rewards and renown,
I grasped at the triumph that blesses the brave;
I asked for the palm-branch, the robe and the crown,
I asked—and thou show'dst me a cross and a grave\

Subdued and instructed, at length to thy will My hopes and my wishes I freely resign; O, give me a heart that can wait and be still, Nor know of a wish or a pleasure but thine.

There are mansions exempted from sin and from woe,
But they stand in a region by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy, but they roll not below;
There is rest, but 'tis found in the bosom of God.
SIR ROBERT GRANT.

"Tempted like as we are."

WHEN gathering clouds around I view, And days are dark, and friends are few, On Him I lean, who not in vain Experienced every human pain: He sees my wants, allays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heavenly wisdom's narrow way, To fly the good I would pursue, Or do the ill I would not do, Still He who felt temptation's power Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell, Deceived by those I prized too well, He shall his pitying aid bestow Who felt on earth severer woe; At once betrayed, denied, or fled, By those who shared his daily bread. If vexing thoughts within me rise, And sore dismayed my spirit dies, Still he who once vouchsafed to bear The sickening anguish of despair Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry, The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend, Which covers what was once a friend, And from his voice, his hand, his smile, Divides me for a little while,—
Thou, Saviour, mark's the tears I shed, For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead!

And oh, when I have safely past Through every conflict but the last, Still, still unchanging, watch beside My dying bed, for thou hast died; Then point to realms of cloudless day, And wipe the latest tear away.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

"Can find out God?"

I CANNOT find thee! Still on restless pinion
My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell:
I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
And shrink beneath thy Light ineffable.

I cannot find thee! Even when, most adoring,
Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest prayer,
Beyond these bounds of thought, my thought upsoaring,
From furthest quest comes back: Thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
And folded far within the inmost heart,
And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
Thy splendor shineth: there, O God! thou art.

I cannot lose thee! Still in thee abiding,
The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam;
The Law that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
And I must rest at last in thee, my home.

ELIZA SCUDDER.

Faith.

WE will not weep: for God is standing by us, And tears will blind us to the blessed sight: We will not doubt, if darkness still doth try us, Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint, if heavy burdens bind us, They press no harder than our souls can bear; The thorniest way is lying still behind us, We shall be braver for the past despair.

O not in doubt shall be our journey's ending; Sin with its fears shall leave us at the last: All its best hopes in glad fulfillment blending, Life shall be with us when the Death is past.

Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend;
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness—till the joyful end.

W. H. HURLBURT.

Our Saints.

FROM the eternal shadow rounding
All unsure and starlight here, Voices of our lost ones sounding, Bid us be of heart and cheer, Through the silence, down the spaces, falling on the inward ear.

Know we not our dead are looking Downward, as in sad surprise, All our strife of words rebuking With their mild and earnest eyes? Shall we grieve the holy angels, shall we cloud their blessed skies?

Let us draw their mantles o'er us, Which have fallen in our way: Let us do the work before us Calmly, bravely, while we may, Ere the long night-silence cometh, and with us it is not day! JOHN G. WHITTIER.

' Dum vivimus, vivamus."

"LIVE while you live!" the epicure would say,
"And seize the pleasures of the present day!" "Live while you live!" the sacred Preacher cries, "And give to God each moment as it flies !" Lord, in my view let both united be, I live in pleasure while I live to thee.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Sonnet.

MARTHA, THY MAIDEN FOOT.

M ARTHA, thy maiden foot is still so light It leaves no legible trace on virgin snows:

And yet I ween that busily it goes
In duty's path, from happy morn to night,
Thy dimpled cheek is gay and softly bright
As the fixed beauty of the mossy rose;
Yet will it change its hue for others' woes,
And native red exchange for virgin white.
Thou bear'st a name by Jesus known and loved,
And Jesus gently did the maid reprove
For too much haste to show her eager love:
But blessed is she that may be so reproved:
Be Martha still in deed, and good endeavor,
In faith like Mary—at his feet forever.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

The Chambered Nautilus.

THIS is the ship of pearl which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purple wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the syren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl:

Wrecked is the ship of pearl!

And every chambered cell

Where its dim-dreaming life was wont to dwell,

As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,

Before thee lies revealed—

Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed.

Year after year beheld the silent toil

That spread his lustrous coil:

Still as the spiral grew,

He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,

Built up its idle door,

Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,

As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!

Let each new temple, nobler than the last,

Shut thee from heaven with a doom more vast,

Till thou at length art free,

Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Haste Not! Rest Not.

WITHOUT haste! without rest!
Bind the motto to thy breast;
Bear it with thee as a spell;
Storm or sunshine, guard it well!
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! Let no thoughtless deed Mar for ate the spirit's speed! Ponder well, and know the right, Onward then, with all thy might! Haste not! years can ne'er atone For one reckless action done.

Rest not! Life is sweeping by, Go and dare, before you die; Something mighty and sublime Leave behind to conquer time! Glorious 'tis to live for aye, When these forms have passed away.

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait;
Meekly bear the storms of fate!
Duty be thy polar guide;—
Do the right, whate'er betide!
Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
God shall crown thy work at last.

JOHANN W. VON GOETHE

Bringing our Sheaves with us.

THE time for toil has passed, and night has come,—
The last and saddest of the harvest eves;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home,
Each laden with his sheaves.

Last of the laborers, thy feet I gain,
Lord of the harvest! and my spirit grieves
That I am burdened, not so much with grain,
As with a heaviness of heart and brain;
Master, behold my sheaves!

Few, light, and worthless,—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves;
For long I struggled with my hopeless fate,
And stayed and toiled till it was dark and late—
Yet these are all my sheaves.

Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at thy feet
I kneel down reverently and repeat,
"Master, behold my sheaves!"

I know these blossoms, clustering heavily,
With evening dew upon their folded leaves,
Can claim no value or utility,—
Therefore shall fragrancy and beauty be
The glory of my sheaves.

So do I gather strength and hope anew;
For well I know thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do,—
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few,
Thou wilt accept my sheaves.

ELIZABETH AKERS.

"It is more Blessed."

Give! as the morning that flows out of heaven; Give! as the waves when their channel is riven; Give! as the free air and sunshine are given;

Lavishly, utterly, joyfully give:—

Not the waste drops of thy cup overflowing,

Not the faint sparks of thy hearth ever glowing,

Not a pale bud from the June roses blowing;

Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Give, as He gave thee, who gave thee to live.

Pour out thy love, like the rush of a river,
Wasting its waters, forever and ever,
Through the burnt sands that reward not the giver;
Silent or songful, thou nearest the sea.
Scatter thy life, as the summer showers pouring!
What if no bird through the pearl-rain is soaring?
What if no blossom looks upward adoring?

Look to the life that was lavished for thee!

So the wild wind strews its perfumed caresses, Evil and thankless the desert it blesses, Bitter the wave that its soft pinion presses,

Never it ceaseth to whisper and sing.
What if the hard heart give thorns for thy roses?
What if on rocks thy tired bosom reposes?
Sweetest is music with minor-keyed closes,

Fairest the vines that on ruin will cling.

Almost the day of thy giving is over; Ere from the grass dies the bee-haunted clover, Thou wilt have vanished from friend and from lover;

What shall thy longing avail in the grave? Give, as the heart gives, whose fetters are breaking, Life, love, and hope, all thy dreams and thy waking, Soon heaven's river thy soul-fever slaking,

Thou shalt know God, and the gift that he gave.

ANONYMOUS.

The Twins.

Date and Dabitur (Give, and it shall be given).

GRAND rough old Martin Luther
Bloomed fables—flowers in furze,
The better the uncouther;
Do roses stick like burrs?

- "A beggar asked an alms
 One day at an abbey-door,"
 Said Luther—"but, seized with qualms
 The Abbot replied, 'We are poor!
- "'Poor who had plenty once,
 When gifts fell thick as rain:
 But they give us naught for the nonce,
 And how should we give again?'
- "Then the beggar, 'See your sins!
 Of old, unless I err,
 Ye had brothers for inmates, twins,
 Date and Dabitur,
- "' While Date was in good case Dabitur flourished too; For Dabitur's lenten face Ne wonder if Date rue.
- "'Would ye retrieve the one?
 Try and make plump the other!
 When Date's penance is done,
 Dabitur helps his brother.
- "'Only beware relapse!"
 The Abbot hung his head;
 The beggar might be, perhaps,
 An angel," Luther said.
 ROBERT BROWNING.

Weariness.

O LITTLE feet! that such long years
Must wander on through hopes and fears,
Must ache and bleed beneath your load;
I, nearer to the wayside Inn,
Where toil shall cease and rest begin,
Am weary, thinking of your road!

O little hands! that weak or strong Have still to serve or rule so long, Have still so long to give or ask; I, who so much with book and pen Have toiled among my fellow-men, Am weary thinking of your task.

O little hearts! that throb and beat
With such impatient feverish heat,
Such limitless and strong desires;
Mine that so long has glowed and burned,
With passions into ashes turned,
Now covers and conceals its fires.

O little souls! as pure and white
And crystalline as rays of light
Direct from heaven, their source divine;
Refracted through the mist of years,
How red my setting sun appears,
How lurid looks this soul of mine!

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Per Pacem ad Lucem.

I DO not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load:

I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead,
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though heart should
bleed,—
Through Peace to Light.

I do not ask, O Lord, that thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may tread
Without a fear.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel thy hand,
And follow thee.

Joy is like restless day; but peace divine

Like quiet night;

Lead me O Lord—till perfect day shall shine—

Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER.

"Follow Thou Me."

O WHERE shall we follow thee, Saviour beloved? To Kedron, where oft thou hast thoughtfully roved? Each rill of enjoyment that winds through our care, Is Kedron, if thou wilt but walk with us there.

O where shall we follow thee, Jesus our friend? To Bethany, whither thy feet loved to tend? Our fireside is Bethany, peaceful and blest; And ne'er will we wander, with thee for a guest.

O where shall we follow thee, Master adored? To the Beautiful City, that knew not her Lord? Alas for our streets full of evil and pain! Toil with us for cities wept over in vain!

O where shall we follow thee, Leader divine? To Tabor, where thou in white glory didst shine? Thy face in the sin-sick and weary we see, When Love is the Tabor we stand on with thee.

O where shall we follow thee, tenderest Guide? To the sweet mournful garden down Olivet's side? Ah, here is Gethsemane—here where we mourn: Here strengthen us, thou who our sorrow hast borne!

O where shall we follow thee, dear Lamb of God? Up Golgotha's death-steep, for us meekly trod? The thorns pierce our temples; the cross bears us down; Like thine make our Calvary garland our crown!

O where shall we follow thee, conquering Lord? To Paradise, unto us outcasts restored? 'T is Paradise, Lord, in thy presence to be: And, living or dying, we're ever with thee!

LUCY LARCOM.

Presumption and Despair.

ONE time I was allowed to steer Through realms of azure light: Henceforth I said, I need not fear A lower, meaner flight; But here shall evermore abide In light and splendor glorified.

My heart one time the rivers fed, Large dews upon it lay; A freshness it has won, I said, Which shall not pass away; But what it is, it shall remain, Its freshness to the end retain.

But when I lay upon the shore,
Like some poor wounded thing,
I deemed I should not evermore
Refit my shattered wing;
Nailed to the ground and fastened there,
This was the thought of my despair.

And when my very heart seemed dried,
And parched as summer dust,
Such still I deemed it must abide,
No hope had I, no trust
That any power again could bless
With fountains that waste wilderness.

But if both hope and fear were vain,
And came alike to naught,
Two lessons we from this may gain,
If ught can teach us aught:—
One lesson rather to divide
Between our fearfulness and pride.

RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH.

Extreme Unction.

GO! leave me, Priest; my soul would be Alone with the consoler, Death; Far sadder eyes than thine will see This crumbling clay yield up its breath: These shriveled hands have deeper stains Than holy oil can cleanse away—Hands that have plucked the world's coarse gains, As erst they plucked the flowers of May.

Call, if thou canst, to these gray eyes
Some faith from youth's traditions wrung;
This fruitless husk which dustward dries,
Has been a heart once, has been young;
On this bowed head the awful Past
Once laid its consecrating hands;
The Future in its purpose vast
Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

But look! whose shadows block the door?
Who are those two that stand aloof?
See! on my hands this freshening gore
Writes o'er again its crimson proof!
My looked-for death-bed guests are met;
There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
The ghost of my Ideal stands!

God bends from out the deep and says—
"I gave thee the great gift of life
Wast thou not called in many ways?
Are not my earth and heaven at strife?
I gave thee of my seed to sow,
Bringest thou me my hundred-fold?"
Can I look up with face aglow,
And answer, "Father, here is gold?"

I have been innocent; God knows
When first this wasted life began,
Not grape with grape more kindly grows
Than I with every brother-man;
Now here I gasp; what lose my kind,
When this fast-ebbing breath shall part?
What bands of love and service bind
This being to the world's sad heart?

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth Without a place to lay his head; He found free welcome at my hearth, He shared my cup and broke my bread; Now, when I hear those steps sublime, That bring the other world to this, My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime, Starts sideways with defiant hiss.

Upon the hour when I was born,
God said, "Another man shall be;"
And the great Maker did not scorn
Out of himself to fashion me;
He sunned me with his ripening looks, "
And Heaven's rich instincts in me grew,
As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue.

Yes, I who now, with angry tears,
Am exiled back to brutish clod,
Have borne unquenched for fourscore years
A spark of the eternal God;
And to what end? How yield I back
The trust for such high uses given?
Heaven's light hath but revealed a track
Whereby to crawl away from heaven.

Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage from whose night
The ominous shadows never lift;
But 't is more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.

Mine held them once; I flung away
Those keys that might have open set
The golden sluices of the day,
But clutch the keys of darkness yet;
I hear the reapers singing go
Into God's harvest; I, that might
With them have chosen, here below
Grope shuddering at the gates of night,

O glorious Youth, that once was mine!
O high ideal! all in vain
Ye enter at this ruined shrine
Whence worship ne'er shall rise again;
The bat and owl inhabit here,
The snake nests in the altar-stone,
The sacred vessels moulder near,—
The image of the God is gone.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Lines Written in a Bible.

WITHIN this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries:
O happiest they, of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To read, to hear, to seek, to pray,
To lift the latch and force the way!
But better they had ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn!
LORD BYRON.

Song of the Silent Land.

I NTO the silent land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand;
Who leads us with a gentle hand
Thither, O thither!
Into the silent land?

Into the silent land!

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions and

Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!

Who in life's battle firm doth stand

Shall bear hope's tender blossoms

Into the silent land!

O land! O land!

For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed—
Into the silent land!

J. G. VON SALIS.

(Translated by H. W. Longfellow.)

The Future Life.

HOW shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain, If there I meet thy gentle presence not; Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there!

That heart whose fondes: throbs to me were given?

My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,

And wilt thou never utter it in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past, And meekly with my harsher nature bore, And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last, Shall it expire with life, and be no more? A happier lot than mine, and larger light, Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will In cheerful homage to the rule of right, And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell, Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll; And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom which is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?
WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Lines written in a Churchyard.

"It is good for us to be here. If thou wilt, let us make here three tabercles; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias."

M ETHINKS it is good to be here;
If thou wilt, let us build—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
ut the shadows of eve that encompass with gloom
he abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah no! .ffrighted he shrinketh away;

For see, they would pen him below a small narrow cave and begirt with cold clay, to the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm that he frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride?

To the trappings which dizen the proud?

Alas! they are all laid aside,

And here 's neither dress nor adornment allowed,

But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas, 't is in vain!
Who hid, in their turns have been hid:
The treasures are squandered again;
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shines on the dark coffin-lid.

To the pleasures which Mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board!
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveler here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?

Ah no! they have withered and died,

Or fled with the spirit above.

Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,

Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow?—the dead cannot grieve;
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve.
Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor love, hope, or fear;
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

SHALL I FEAR, O EARTH, THY BOSOM! 387

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow? no! for his empire is known,

And here there are trophies enow! eath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone, the signs of a scepter that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build, look for the sleepers around us to rise.

The second to Faith, that insures it fulfilled; the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice, bequeathed us them both when he rose to the skies.

HERBERT KNOWLES.

Shall I Fear, O Earth, thy Bosom?

SHALL I fear, O earth, thy bosom?
Shrink and faint to lay me there,
Whence the fragrant lovely blossom
Springs to gladden earth and air?

Whence the tree, the brook, the river, Soft clouds floating in the sky, All fair things come, whispering ever Of the love divine on high?

Yea, whence One arose victorious O'er the darkness of the grave, His strong arm revealing, glorious In its might divine to save?

No, fair Earth! a tender mother
Thou hast been, and yet canst be;
And through him, my Lord and Brother,
Sweet shall be my rest in thee!

EIVAG SAMOHT

"My Times are in Thy Hand."

Psalm xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me:
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To greet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate;
And a lowly work of love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
And a mind to blend with outward things
While keeping at thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee—
More careful than to serve thee much
To please thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a crook in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee,
Is happy everywhere.

In a service that thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart has learned the truth
That makes thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANONYMOUS.

A Strip of Blue.

I DO not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing-fields,
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax-collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free:
And more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity—
A little strip of sea.

Richer am I than he who owns
Great fleets and argosies;
I have a share in every ship
Won by the inland breeze
To loiter on yon airy road
Above the apple-trees.
I freight them with my untold dreams,
Each bears my own picked crew;
And nobler cargoes wait for them
Than ever India knew—
My ships that sail into the East
Across that outlet blue.

Sometimes they seem like living shapes—
The people of the sky—
Guests in white raiment coming down
From Heaven, which is close by:
I call them by familiar names,
As one by one draws nigh,
So white, so light, so spirit-like,
From violet mists they bloom!
The aching wastes of the unknown
Are half reclaimed from gloom,
Since on life's hospitable sea
All souls find sailing room.

The ocean grows a weariness
With nothing else in sight;
Its east and west, its north and south,
Spread out from morn to night:
We miss the warm, caressing shore,
Its brooding shade and light.
A part is greater than the whole;
By hints are mysteries told;
The fringes of eternity—
God's sweeping garment-fold,
In that bright shred of glimmering sea,
I reach out for, and hold.

The sails, like flakes of roseate pearl,
Float in upon the mist;
The waves are broken precious stones—
Sapphire and amethyst
Washed from celestial basement walls
By suns unsetting kissed.
Out through the utmost gates of space,
Past where the gay stars drift,
To the widening Infinite, my soul
Glides on a vessel swift;
Yet loses not her anchorage
In yonder azure rift.

Here sit I, as a little child:
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase;
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before:
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be;
Glad when is opened to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.
LUCY LARCOM.

The Closing Scene.

VITHIN the sober realms of leafless trees
The russet year inhaled the dreamy air;
ce some tanned reaper in his hours of ease,
When all the fields are lying brown and bare.

The gray barns looking from their hazy hills O'er the dun waters widening in the vales, Sent down the air a greeting to the mills, On the dull thunder of alternate flails.

All sights were mellowed and all sounds subdued,
The hills seemed further and the stream sang low,
As in a dream the distant woodman hewed
His winter logs with many a muffled blow.

The embattled forests, erewhile armed with gold,
Their banners bright with every martial hue,
Now stood like some sad, beaten host of old,
Withdrawn afar in Time's remotest blue.

On somber wings the vulture tried his flight;

The dove scarce heard his sighing mate's complaint,
And, like a star slow drowning in the light,

The village church-vane seemed to pale and faint.

The sentinel cock upon the hillside crew— Crew twice—and all was stiller than before; Silent, till some replying warder blew His alien horn, and then was heard no more.

Where erst the jay within the elm's tall crest
Made garrulous trouble round her unfledged young;
And where the oriole hung her swaying nest,
By every light wind like a censer swung;

Where sung the noisy martins of the eaves, The busy swallows circling ever near— Foreboding, as the rustic mind believes, An early harvest and a plenteous year;

Where every bird that waked the vernal feast
Shook the sweet slumber from its wings at morn,
To warn the reaper of the rosy east;
All now was sunless, empty, and forlorn.

Alone, from out the stubble, piped the quail;
And croaked the crow through all the dreary gloom;
Alone, the pheasant, drumming in the vale,
Made echo to the distant cottage loom.

There was no bud, no bloom upon the bowers;
The spiders moved their thin shrouds night by night;
The thistle-down, the only ghost of flowers,
Sailed slowly by—passed noiseless out of sight.

Amid all this, in this most dreary air,
And where the woodbine shed upon the porch
Its crimson leaves, as if the year stood there,
Firing the floor with its inverted torch;

Amid all this—the center of the scene,

The white-haired matron, with monotonous tread,
Plied the swift wheel, and with her joyless mien
Sat like a fate, and watched the flying thread.

She had known sorrow. He had walked with her, Oft supped, and broke with her the ashen crust, And in the dead leaves still she heard the stir Of his thick mantle trailing in the dust.

While yet her cheek was bright with summer bloom;
Her country summoned, and she gave her all
And twice War bowed to her his sable plume—
Re-gave the sword to rest upon the wall.

Re-gave the sword, but not the hand that drew And struck for liberty the dying blow; Nor him who, to his sire and country true, Fell 'mid the ranks of the invading foe.

Long, but not loud, the droning wheel went on,
Like the low murmur of a hive at noon;
Long but not loud, the memory of the gone
Breathed through her lips a sad and tremulous tone.

At last the thread was snapped—her head was bowed,
Light drooped the distaff through her hand serene;
And loving neighbors smoothed her careful shroud,
While death and winter closed the autumn scene.

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

Ships at Sea.

I HAVE ships that went to sea,
More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.
I have seen them in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tattered sails and battered hulls,
While around them screamed the gulls,
Flying low, flying low.

I have wondered why they strayed
From me, sailing round the world;
And I've said, "I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled."
Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold;
While the spices that they bear,
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

Ah! each sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea,
Of the waves and winds the sport,
And the sailors pity me.
Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And, contented, watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the piers,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights for many years,
Till I turned heart-sick away.
But, the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,

Nor let hope or courage fail;

And some day, when skies are fair,

Up the bay my ships will sail.

I shall buy then all I need,—

Prints to look at, books to read,

Horses, wines, and works of art,
Everything—except a heart,

That is lost, that is lost.

Once, when I was pure and young,
Richer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,
There was one whose heart was mine;
But she's something now divine,
And though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me
Evermore, evermore.

BARRY GRAY.

The Teacher Taught.

O'ER wayward children wouldst thou hold firm rule,
And sun thee in the light of happy faces:
Love, Hope, and Patience,—these must be the graces,
And in thy own heart let them first keep school!
For, as old Atlas on his broad neck places
Heaven's starry globe, and there sustains it, so
Do these upbear the little world below
Of education—Patience, Hope, and Love!
Methinks I see them grouped in seemly show,—
The straitened arms upraised,—the palms aslope,—
And robes that touching, as adown they flow,
Distinctly blend, like snow embossed in snow.
O part them never! If Hope prostrate lie,
Love, too, will sink and die.
But Love is subtle: and will proof derive

But Love is subtle; and will proof derive,
From her own life, that Hope is yet alive,
And bending o'er, with soul-transfusing eyes,
And the soft murmurs of the mother dove,
Woos back the fleeting spirit, and half supplies.
Thus Love repays to Hope what Hope first gave to Love!
Yet haply there will come a weary day,
When, overtasked, at length,
Both Love and Hope beneath the load give way,
Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience,—nothing loath;
And, both supporting, does the work of both.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE.

Enticed.

r.

WITH what clear guile of gracious love enticed, I follow forward, as from room to room,
Through doors that open into light from gloom,
To find and lose, and find again the Christ!

He stands and knocks, and bids me ope the door; Without he stands, and asks to enter in: Why should he seek a shelter sad with sin? Will he but knock and ask, and nothing more?

He knows what ways I take to shut my heart, And if he will he can himself undo My foolish fastenings, or by force break through, Nor wait till I fulfill my needless part.

But nay, he will not choose to enter so,—
He will not be my guest without consent,
Nor, though I say "Come in," is he content;
I must arise and ope, or he will go.

He shall not go; I do arise and ope,—
"Come in, dear Lord, come in and sup with me,
Oh, blessèd guest, and let me sup with thee,"—
Where is the door? for in this dark I grope,

And cannot find it soon enough; my hand,
Shut hard, holds fast the one sure key I need,
And trembles, shaken with its eager heed;
No other key will answer my demand.

The door between is some command undone; Obedience is the key that slides the bar, And lets him in, who stands so near, so far; The doors are many, but the key is one. Which door, dear Lord? knock, speak, that I may know; Hark, heart, he answers with his hand and voice— Oh, still small sign, I tremble and rejoice, Nor longer doubt which way my feet must go.

Full lief and soon this door would open too,
If once my key might find the narrow slit
Which, being so narrow, is so hard to hit—
But lo! one little ray that glimmers through,

Not spreading light, but lighting to the light—
Now steady, hand, for good speed's sake be slow,
One straight right aim, a pulse of pressure, so,—
How small, how great, the change from dark to bright!

II.

Now he is here I seem no longer here!

This place of light is not my chamber dim,
It is not he with me, but I with him,
And host, not guest, he breaks the bread of cheer.

I was borne onward at his greeting,—he
Earthward had come, but heavenward I had gone;
Drawing him hither, I was thither drawn,
Scarce welcoming him to hear him welcome me!

I lie upon the bosom of my Lord,
And feel his heart, and time my heart thereby;
The tune so sweet, I have no need to try,
But rest and trust, and beat the perfect chord.

A little while I lie upon his heart,
Feasting on love, and loving there to feast,
And then, once more, the shadows are increased
Around me, and I feel my Lord depart.

Again alone, but in a farther place I sit with darkness, waiting for a sign; Again I hear the same sweet plea divine, And suit, outside, of hospitable grace.

This is his guile,—he makes me act the host To shelter him, and lo! he shelters me; Asking for alms, he summons me to be A guest at banquets of the Holy Ghost.

So, on and on, through many an opening door
That gladly opens to the key I bring,
From brightening court to court of Christ, my King,
Hope-led, love-fed, I journey evermore.

At last I trust these changing scenes will cease;
There is a court I hear where he abides;
No door beyond, that further glory hides.—
My host at home, all change is changed to peace.
WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.

The Rose.

GO, lovely Rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth—
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,—
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

EDMUND WALLER.

Yet though thou fade,
From thy dead leaves let fragrance rise
To teach the maid
That goodness time's rude hand defies,
That virtue lives when beauty dies.
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

[This latter stanza was written by Kirke White on the margin of a borrowed volume of Waller's poems.]

Under the Violets.

HER hands are cold, her face is white;
No more her pulses come and go;
Her eyes are shut to life and light:
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,
To plead for tears with alien eyes;
A slender cross of wood alone
Shall say that here a maiden lies,
In peace, beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb
Shall wheel their circling shadows round,
.To make the scorching sunlight dim
That drinks the greenness from the ground,
And drop the dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,
And through their leaves the robins call,
And ripening in the autumn sun
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing
Its matins from the branches high;
And every minstrel voice of spring,
That thrills beneath the April sky,
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial track,
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,
Her little mourners clad in black,
The crickets, sliding through the grass,
Shall pipe to her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees
Shall find the prison where she lies,
And bear the buried dust they seize
In leaves and blossoms to the skies;
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kindlier blood,
Should ask: What maiden sleeps below?
Say only this: A tender bud,
That tried to blossom in the snow,
Lies withered where the violets blow.
OLIVER W. HOLMES.

Desiderium.

IN MEMORIAM W. W. A.

THE shattered water plashes down the ledge;
The long ledge slants and bends between its walls,
And shoots the current over many an edge
Of shelvy rock, in thin and foamy falls,—
With the same streaming light and numerous sound,
As when his musing way he duly hither wound.

Up by this path along the streamlet's brink,
Into the cool ravine his footsteps wore;
That was in other days—I bow and think
In sadness of the wealthy days of yore,
The fair far days, so wholly gone away,
When love, and hope, and youth before us boundless lay.

He was a kind of genius of the glen,

The soul of sunshine in its heart of gloom;

Nature's great mansion, wide to other men,

Here for the gentlest guest reserved a room,

Where she, in secret from the general throng,

Welcomed him fleeing oft, and cheered him lingering long.

But hospitable Nature seeks him now,

Through her wide halls or cloistered cells in vain;
The wistful face, the early-wrinkled brow,

The peace that touched and purified the pain,
The slender form, dilate with noble thought,
The woman's welcoming smile for all fair things he brought;

The light, quick step, elastic but not strong,
Alert with springing spirit and tempered nerve—
Type of the heart direct that sped along
Swiftly where duty led, and did not swerve
For count of odds, or dread of earthly loss,
Buoyed with the costliest strength to bear the heaviest cross;

nese tokens of that gracious presence here,
O Nature, you and I together mourn;
It you and I, O Nature, have our cheer
Concerning him that helps our loss be borne—
ou mould his dust to keepsake grass and flower,
hat warmed his dust moulds me to forms of finer power.

WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.

Our Baby.

WHEN the morning, half in shadow, Ran along the hill and meadow, And with milk-white fingers parted Crimson roses, golden-hearted; Opening over ruins hoary Every purple morning-glory, And outshaking from the bushes Singing larks and pleasant thrushes; That's the time our little baby, Strayed from Paradise, it may be, Came with eyes like heaven above her, O, we could not choose but love her!

Not enough of earth for sinning,
Always gentle, always winning,
Never needing our reproving,
Ever lively, ever loving;
Starry eyes and sunset tresses,
White arms, made for light caresses,
Lips, that knew no word of doubting,
Often kissing, never pouting;
Beauty even in completeness,
Overfull of childish sweetness;
That's the way our little baby,
Far too pure for earth, it may be,
Seemed to us, who while about her
Deemed we could not do without her.

When the morning, half in shadow, Ran along the hill and meadow, And with milk-white fingers parted Crimson roses, golden hearted; Opening over ruins hoary Every purple morning-glory, And outshaking from the bushes Singing larks and pleasant thrushes; That's the time our little baby, Pining here for heaven, it may be, Turning from our bitter weeping, Closed her eyes as when in sleeping, And her white hands on her bosom - Folded like a summer blossom.

Now the litter she doth lie on, Strewed with roses, bear to Zion; Go, as past a pleasant meadow, Through the valley of the shadow; Take her softly, holy angels, Past the ranks of God's evangels; Past the saints and martyrs holy To the Earth-born, meek and lowly, We would have our pleasant blossom Softly laid in Jesus' bosom.

PHŒBE CAREY.

The River Path.

N O bird-song floated down the hill, The tangled bank below was still;

No rustle from the birchen stem, No ripple from the water's hem.

The dusk of twilight round us dread, We felt the falling of the dead: For, from us ere the day was done, The wooded hills shut out the sun.

But on the river's farther side, We saw the hill-tops glorified,—

A tender glow, exceeding fair, A dream of day without its glare,

With us the damp, the chill, the gloom; With them the sunset's rosy bloom;

While dark, through willowy vistas seen, The river rolled in shade between.

From out the darkness where we trod, We gazed upon those hills of God,

Whose light seemed not of morn or sun; We spake not, but our thought was one.

We paused, as if from that bright shore Reckoned our dear ones gone before;

And stilled our beating hearts to hear The voices lost to mortal ear!

Sudden our pathway turned from right; The hills swung open to the light;

Through their green gates the sunshine showed, A long slant splendor downward flowed.

Down glade and glen and bank it rolled: It bridged the shaded stream with gold:

And, borne on piers of mist, allied The shadowy with the sunlit side!

"So," prayed we, "when our feet draw near The river dark with mortal fear, "And the night cometh, chill with dew, O Father, let thy light break through!

"So let the hills of doubt divide, To bridge with faith the sunless tide!

"So let the eyes that fail on earth O'er thy eternal hills look forth:

"And in thy beckoning angels know
The dear ones whom we loved below!"

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Golden Street.

THE toil is very long and I am tired:
Oh, Father, I am weary of the way!
Give me that rest I have so long desired;
Bring me that Sabbath's cool refreshing day,
And let the fever of my world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Tired,—very tired! And I at times have seen,
When the far pearly gates were open thrown
For those who walked no more with me, the green
Sweet foliage of the trees that there alone
At last wave over those whose world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

When the gates open, and before they close—
Sad hours but holy—I have watched the tide
Whose living crystal there forever flows
Before the throne, and sadly have I sighed
To think how long until my world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

REST.

They shall not wander from that blessed way;

Nor heat, nor cold, nor weariness, nor sin,

Nor any clouds in that eternal day

Trouble them more who once have entered in;

But all is rest to them whose world-worn feet

Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Thus the gates close and I behold no more,
Though, as I walk, they open oftener now
For those who leave me and go on before;
And I am lonely also while I bow
And think of those dear souls whose world-worn feet
Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

Tired, very tired!—but I will patient be,

Nor will I murmur at the weary way:

I too shall walk beside the crystal sea,

And pluck the ripe fruit, all that God-lit day,

When thou, oh Lord, shalt let my world-worn feet

Press the cool smoothness of the golden street.

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

Rest.

[Lines found under the pillow of a soldier who died in hospital at Port Royal.]

I LAY me down to sleep,
With little care
Whether my waking find
Me here, or there.

A bowing, burdened head That only asks to rest, Unquestioning, upon A loving breast. My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now;
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong—all that is past;
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is done, And this is all my part— I give a patient God My patient heart;

And grasp his banner still,
Though all the blue be dim;
These stripes as well as stars
Lead after him.

The Cloud.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below:
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
E'en in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveler to the beauteous west.
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of heaven,
While to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

JOHN WILSON.

My Ain Countree.

AM far from my hame an' I'm weary often whiles
For the longed-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles;

I'll ne'er be fu' content until my een do see The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flow'rs, mony-tinted, fresh and gay, The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae; But these sights and these soun's will as naething be to me, When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I 've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day, the King,

To his ain royal palace his banish'd hame will bring; Wi' een an' wi' heart running oure we shall see "The King in his beauty," an' our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair, But there they'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair; His bluid has made me white, his hand shall wipe mine ee, When he brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wud fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast;
For he gathers in his bosom, witless, worthless lambs like
me,

An' he carries them himself to his ain countree.

He's faithfu' that has promised, he'll surely come again; He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken; But he bids me still to watch, an' ready ay to be To gang at ony moment to my ain countree. So I'm watching aye an' singing o' my hame as I wait, For the soun'ing o' his footsteps this side the gowden gate. God gie his grace to ilka ane wha listens noo to me, That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree.

ANONYMOUS.

Nearer Home.

ONE sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er— I am nearer my home to-day Than I 've ever been before:

Nearer my Father's house, Where the many mansions be: Nearer the Great White Throne, Nearer the Jasper sea:

Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down; Nearer leaving the cross, Nearer gaining the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the silent unknown stream
That leads at last to the light.

Closer and closer my steps Come to the dread abysm; Closer Death to my lips Presses the awful chrism.

Father, perfect my trust!

Strengthen my feeble faith!

Let me feel as I would, when I stand

On the shore of the river of Death.

Feel as I would, when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be, I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I-think.
PHŒBE CAREY.

The Genius of Death.

WHAT is Death? 't is to be free!
No more to love or hope or fear—
To join the great equality:
All alike are humbled here!
The mighty grave
Wraps lord and slave:
Nor pride nor poverty dares come
Within that refuge house, the tomb!

Spirit with the drooping wing,
And the ever-weeping eye,
Thou of all earth's kings art King!
Empires at thy footstool lie!
Beneath thee strewed
Their multitude
Sink like waves upon the shore:
Storms shall never rouse them more!

What's the grandeur of the earth
To the grandeur round thy throne?
Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
To thy kingdom all have gone.
Before thee stand
The wondrous band,—
Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
Who darkened nations when they died!

OUR POETICAL FAVORITES.

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Earth hath hosts; but thou canst show
Many a million for her one;
Through thy gates the mortal flow
Has for countless years rolled on:
Back from the tomb
No step has come;
There fixed, till the last thunder's sound
Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound!
GEORGE CROLY.

A Dirge.

"EARTH to earth, and dust to dust!"
Here the evil and the just,
Here the youthful and the old,
Here the fearful and the bold,
Here the matron and the maid,
In one silent bed are laid;
Here the vassal and the king
Side by side lie withering;
Here the sword and scepetr rust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Age on age shall roll along
O'er this pale and mighty throng;
Those that wept them, they that weep,
All shall with these sleepers sleep;
Brothers, sisters of the worm,—
Summer's sun, or Winter's storm,
Song of peace, or battle's roar
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more;
Death shall keep his sullen trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

But a day is coming fast— Earth, thy mightiest and thy last! It shall come in fear and wonder, Heralded by trump and thunder; It shall come in strife and toil, It shall come in blood and spoil; It shall come in empires' groans, Burning temples, ruined thrones; Then Ambition, rue thy lust! "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"

Then shall come the judgment sign;
In the east the King shall shine,
Flashing from heaven's golden gate—
Thousands, thousands, round his state—
Spirits with the crown and plume;
Tremble then, thou sullen tomb!
Heaven shall open on thy sight,
Earth be turned to living light—
Kingdom of the ransomed just—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."

Then thy mount, Jerusalem,
Shall be gorgeous as a gem!
Then shall in the desert rise
Fruits of more than Paradise;
Earth by angel feet be trod—
One great garden of her God!
Till are dried the martyr's tears,
Through a thousand glorious years!
Now in hope of him we trust—
"Earth to earth, and dust to dust."
GEORGE CROLL

To the Southern Cross.

SWEET Empress of the Southern sea, Hail to thy loveliness once more! Thou gazest mournfully on me, As mindful we have met before!

When first I saw the Polar Star Go down behind the silver sea, And greeted thy mild light from far, I did not know its mystery.

My Polar Star was by my side,

The star of hope was on my brow;

I've lost them both beneath the tide—

The cross alone is left me now.

Not such as thou, sweet Thing of stars, Moving in queenly state on high, But wrought of stern, cold iron bars, And borne, ah me! so wearily!

Yet something from those soft, warm skies
Seems whispering, "Thou shall yet be blest!"
And gazing in thy tender eyes,
The symbol brightens on my breast.

I read at last the mystery
That slumbers in each starry gem;
The weary pathway to the sky—
The iron cross—the diadem.

EMILY C. JUDSON.

As down in the Sunless Retreats.

A S down in the sunless retreats of the ocean Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see, So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of devotion Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee, My God, silent to thee,—
Pure, warm, silent to thee.

As still to the star of its worship, though clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim sea,—
So dark when I roam, in this wintry world shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to thee,
My God, trembling to thee,
Pure, warm, trembling to thee.

THOMAS MOORE.

In View of Death.

THE hour, the hour, the parting hour,
That takes from this dark world its power,
And lays at once the thorn and flower
On the same withering bier, my soul!
The hour that ends all earthly woes,
And gives the wearied soul repose,—
How soft, how sweet that last long close
Of mortal hope and fear, my soul!

How sweet, while on this broken lyre
The melodies of time expire,
To feel it strung with chords of fire
To praise the Immortal One, my soul!
And while our farewell tears we pour
To those we leave on this cold shore,
To teel that we shall weep no more,
Nor dwell in heaven alone, my soul!

How sweet, while, waning fast away,
The stars of this dim world decay,
To hail, prophetic of the day,
The golden dawn above, my soul !
To feel we only sleep to rise
In sunnier lands and fairer skies,
To bind again our broken ties
In ever-living love, my soul!

The hour, the hour so pure and calm,
That bathes the wounded soul in balm,
And round the pale brow twines the palm
Which shuns this wintry clime, my soul!
The hour that draws o'er earth and all
Its briers and blooms the mortal pall,—
How soft, how sweet, that evening-fall
Of fears, and grief, and time, my soul!

ANONYMOUS.

The Soul's Passing.

IT is ended! All is over!

Lo! the weeping mourners come—

Mother, father, friend, and lover—

To the death-encumbered room.

Lips are pressed to the blessed

Lips that evermore are dumb.

Take her faded hand in thine—
Hand that no more answereth kindly;
See the eyes that wont to shine,
Uttering love, now staring blindly;
Tender-hearted speech departed—
Speech that echoed so divinely.

Runs no more the circling river,
Warming, brightening every part;
There it slumbereth cold forever—
No more merry leap and start;
No more flushing cheeks to blushing—
In its silent home, the heart.

Hope not answer to your praying!

Cold, responseless lies she there:

Death, that ever will be slaying

Something gentle, something fair,

Came with numbers soft as slumbers—

She is with him otherwhere!

Mother! yes, you scarce would chide her
Had you seen the form he bore,
Heard the words he spoke beside her,
Tender as the look he wore,
While he proved her how he loved her
More than mother—ten times more!

Earthly father! weep not o'er her!
To another Father's breast,
On the wings of love he bore her,
To the kingdom of the blest,
Where no weeping eyelids keeping,
Dwells she now in perfect rest.

Friend! he was a friend that found her Amid blessings poor and scant, With a wicked world around her, And within a heavenly want; And supplied her, home to guide her, Wings for which the weary pant. Lover! yes, she loved thee dearly!
When she left thee loved thee best!
Love, she knew, alone burns clearly
In the bosoms of the blest;
Love she bore thee, watches o'er thee,
Is the angel in thy breast!

Mourners all! have done with weeping!
I will tell you what he said,
When he came and found her sleeping;
On her heart his hand he laid:—
"Sleep is, maiden, sorrow-laden;
Peace dwells only with the dead.

"Wend with me across the river, Seems so bitter, is so sweet; On whose other shore forever Happy, holy spirits greet; Grief all over, friend and lover In a sweet communion meet

"It is better, father, mother,
Lover, friend, to leave behind;
All their blessed loves and other,
Come with me, and thou shalt find,
Where thy spirit shall inherit
Perfect love and perfect mind.

"Love that is to mortals given Struggles with imperfect will; Love alone that homes in heaven Can its perfect self fulfill; Where possessing every blessing, Still it grows and greatens still! "See, I bring thee wings to bear thee,
To the blessed angel-home;
Dear ones dead forever near thee,
From thy side no more to roam;
Love increased, wait, thou blessed,
Till the living loved ones come!

"O'er the river!" Lo! she faltered,
While he took her by the hand;
And her blessèd face grew altered
As she heard the sweet command.
Father! lover! all was over!
So she passed to Spirit-Land!
CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

The Dying Christain to his Soul.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit, this mortal frame! Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying— O the pain, the bliss of dying! Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper: angels say, Sister spirit, come away! What is this absorbs me quite, Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirit, draws my breath? Tell me, my soul! can this be death?

The world recedes—it disappears; Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears With sounds seraphic ring; Lend, lend your wings! I mount, I fly! O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting?

ALEXANDER POPE.

Farewell Life, Welcome Life.

FAREWELL Life! My senses swim,
And the world is growing dim;
Thronging shadows crowd the light,
Like the advent of the night;
Colder, colder, colder still,
Upward steals a vapor chill;
Strong the earthy odor grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome Life! the spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives!
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn:
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapor cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

THOMAS HOOD.

Life's "Good-Morning."

IFE! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear;
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-Night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good-Morning.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

Palms of Glory.

PALMS of glory, raiment bright, Crowns that never fade away. Gird and deck the saints in light. Priests, and kings, and conquerors they. Yet the conquerors bring their palms To the Lamb amidst the throne: And proclaim in joyful psalms, Victory through his cross alone!

Kings their crowns for harps resign, Crying as they strike the chords, "Take the kingdom-it is thine: King of kings, and Lord of lords !" Round the altar priests confess, If their robes are white as snow, 'T was the Saviour's righteousness, And his blood that made them so.

Who were these?-On earth they dwelt, Sinners once, of Adam's race: Guilt, and fear, and suffering felt, But were saved from all by grace. They were mortal too, like us: Ah! when we like them shall die. May our souls, translated thus, Triumph, reign, and shine on high! JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Heaven.

BEYOND these chilling winds and gloomy skies,—
Beyond death's cloudy portal—
There is a land where beauty never dies,
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade, Whose fields are ever vernal, Where nothing beautiful can ever fade, But bloom for aye eternal.

We may not know how sweet its balmy air, How bright and fair its flowers; We may not hear the songs that echo there, Through those enchanted bowers.

The city's shining towers we may not see,
With our dim earthly vision:
For Death, the silent warder, keeps the key
That opes these gates elysian.

But sometimes, where adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers:

And while they stand a moment half ajar, Gleams from the inner glory Stream lightly through the azure vault afar, And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!

Father all-wise, eternal,

Guide, guide these wandering, way-worn feet of mine
Unto those pastures vernal.

NANCY A. W. PRIEST.

Thou art gone to the Grave.

THOU art gone to the grave—but we will not deplore thee;

Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb,
The Saviour has passed through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave—we no longer behold thee, Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side; But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee, And sinners may hope since the Sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave—and its mansion forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave—but 't were wrong to deplore thee,

When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died.
BISHOP HEEER,

I know Thou hast Gone.

I KNOW thou hast gone to the house of thy rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?

I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad!

Where Love has put off, in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gathered in this;

And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss!

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul, Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred, Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal; I know thou hast drunk of the Lethe that flows Through a land where they do not forget, That sheds over memory only repose, And takes from it only regret.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever it be,

I believe thou hast visions of mine,

And the love that made all things a music to me
I have not yet learnt to resign;

In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
And my spirit lies down and is still!

Mine eye must be dark, that so long has been dim,
Ere again it may gaze upon thine:
But my heart has revealings of thee and thy home,
In many a token and sign;
I never look up with a vow to the sky,
But a light like thy beauty is there—
And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,
When I pour out my spirit in prayer.

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapped in a mantle of care—
Yet the grief of my bosom—oh, call it not gloom,—
Is not the black grief of despair;
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off a bright vision appears,
And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.

THOMAS K. HERVEY.

My Friend.

SIDE by side we are still, though a shadow
Between us doth fall;
We are parted, yet are not parted,
Not wholly and all.

For still you are round and about me,
Almost in my reach;
Though I miss the old pleasant communion
Of smile and of speech.

And I long to hear what you are seeing,
And what you have done,
Since the earth faded out from your vision,
And the heavens begun;

Since you dropped off the darkening fillet
Of clay from your sight,
And opened your eyes upon glory
Ineffably bright.

Though little my life has accomplished,
My poor hands have wrought,
I have lived what seemed to be ages
In feeling and thought

Since the time when our path grew so narrow
So near the unknown,
That I turned back from following after,
And you went on alone.

For we speak of you cheerfully, always,
As journeying on:
Not as one who is dead do we name you—
We say you are gone.

For how could we speak of you sadly,

We who watched while the grace
Of eternity's wonderful beauty

Grew over your face?

Do we call the star lost that is hidden
In the great light of morn?
Do we fashion a shroud for the young child
In the day it is born?

Yet behold! this were wise to their folly
Who mourn, sore distressed
When a soul that is summoned believing,
Enters into its rest!

PHŒBE CAREY.

A Year in Heaven.

A TEAR uncalendared; for what
Hast thou to do with mortal time?
Its dole of moments entereth not
That circle, mystic and sublime,
Whose unreached center is the throne
Of Him, before whose awful brow
Meeting eternities are known
As but an everlasting now.
The thought removes thee far away,—
Too far,—beyond my love and tears;
Ah, let me hold thee as I may,
And count thy time by earthly years!

A year of blessedness; wherein Not one dim cloud hath crossed thy soul; No sigh of grief, no touch of sin, No frail mortality's control: Nor once hath disappointment stung, Nor care world-weary made thee pine; But rapture, such as human tongue Hath found no language for, is thine. Made perfect at thy passing, who Can sum thy added glory now? As on, and onward, upward, through The angel ranks that lowly bow, Ascending still from height to height, Unfaltering, where rapt spirits trod, Nor pausing 'mid their circles bright. Thou tendest inward unto God.

A year of progress in the lore
That 's only learned in Heaven; thy mind
Unclogged of clay, and free to soar,
Hath left the realms of doubt behind;
And wondrous things which finite thought
In vain essayed to solve, appear
To thy untasked inquiries, fraught
With explanations strangely clear.
Thy reason owns no forced control,
As held it here in needful thrall:
God's mysteries court thy questioning soul,
And thou may'st search and know them all.

A year of love; thy yearning heart
Was always tender, e'en to tears
With sympathies, whose sacred art
Made holy all thy cherished years;
But love, whose speechless ecstasy
Had overborne the finite, now
Throbs through thy being, pure and free,
And burns upon thy radiant brow:

For thou those hands' dear clasp hast felt, Where still the nail-prints are displayed; And thou before that face hast knelt, Which wears the scars the thorns have made.

A year without thee; I had thought
My orphaned heart would break and die
Ere time had meek quiescence brought,
Or soothed the tears it could not dry.
And yet I live to faint and quail
Before the human grief I bear;
To miss thee so, then drown the wail
That trembles on my lips in prayer;
Thou glorying, while I weakly pine;
Thou praising, while I vainly thrill;
And thus between thy heart and mine
The distance ever widening still.

A year of tears to me; to thee,
The end of thy probation's strife,
The archway to eternity,
The portal of immortal life:
To me the pall, the bier, the sod;
To thee the palm of victory given.—
Enough, my heart! thank God! thank God!
That thou hast been a year in Heaven.

ANONYMOUS.

A Year in Heaven.

One year has heaven's white portal shut back the sound of sin;

And yet no voice, no whisper comes floating down from thee.

To tell us what glad wonder a year of heaven may be.

Our hearts before it listen,—the beautiful closed gate: The silence yearns around us: we listen and we wait. It is thy heavenly birthday, on earth thy lilies bloom; In thine immortal garland canst find for these no room?

Thou lovedst all things lovely when walking with us here:

Now from the heights of heaven seems earth no longer

dear?

We cannot paint thee moving in white-robed state afar, Nor dream our flower of comfort a cool and distant star.

Heaven is but life made richer; therein can be no loss: To meet our love and longing thou hast no gulf to cross: No adamant between us uprears its rocky screen; A veil before us only:—thou in the light serene.

That veil 'twixt earth and heaven a breath might waft aside: We breathe one air, beloved, we follow one dear Guide: Passed into open vision, out of our mist and rain, Thou seest how sorrow blossoms, how peace is won from pain.

And half we feel thee leaning from thy deep calm of bliss, To say of earth, "Beloved, how beautiful it is! The lilies in this splendor,—the green leaves in this dew;—O earth is also heaven, with God's light clothed anew!"

So, when the sky seems bluer, and when the blossoms wear Some tender mystic shading we never knew was there, We'll say "We see things earthly by light of sainted eyes: She bends where we are gazing, to-day, from paradise."

Because we know thee near us and nearer still to Him Who fills thy cup of being with glory to the brim, We will not stain with grieving our fair, though fainter light, But cling to thee in spirit as if thou wert in sight.

And as in waves of beauty the swift years come and go, Upon celestial currents our deeper life shall flow, Hearing, from that sweet country where blighting never came,

Love chime the hours immortal, in earth and heaven the same.

LUCY LARCOM.

"A Little While."

O FOR the peace which floweth as a river, Making life's desert places bloom and smile! O for the faith to grasp heaven's bright "forever," Amid the shadows of earth's "little while!"

A little while for patient vigil-keeping,

To face the stern, to battle with the strong;

A little while to sow the seed with weeping,

Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest-song.

A little while to wear the weeds of sadness,

To pace with weary steps through noisy ways;

Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,

And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

A little while midst shadow and illusion
To strive by faith love's mysteries to spell:
Then read each dark enigma's bright solution,—
Then hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."

A little while the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fullness of the fountain-head.

A little while to keep the oil from failing,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim,
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
To haste to meet him with the bridal-hymn.

And he who is himself the Gift and Giver—
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad forever
Will light the shadows of the "little while."

JANE CREWDSON.

What Then?

WHAT then? Why, then another pilgrim song; And then a hush of rest, divinely granted; And then a thirsty stage (ah me, so long!) And then a brook, just where it most is wanted.

What then? The pitching of the evening tent;
And then, perchance, a pillow rough and thorny;
And then some sweet and tender message, sent
To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's journey.

What then? The wailing of the midnight wind, A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and aching; And then a little water-cruse to find Close by my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire; I know there will be tears, and fears, and sorrow; And then, a loving Saviour drawing nigher, And saying "I will answer for the morrow."

What then? For all my sins, his pardoning grace;
For all my wants and woes, his loving-kindness;
For darkest shades, the shining of God's face,
And Christ's own hand to lead me in my blindness.

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim;
And then, a deep and darkly rolling river;
And then a flood of light, a seraph's hymn,
And God's own smile forever and forever!

[ANE CREWDSON.]

The Lord will come.

THE Lord will come! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering from the vault of night,
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come! but not the same As once in lowly form he came, A silent lamb to slaughter led, The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come! a dreadful form, With wreath of flame and robe of storm, On cherub wings, and wings of wind, Anointed Judge of human kind!

Can this be he who wont to stray,
A pilgrim on the world's highway;
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God! is this the Crucified?

Go, tyrants! to the rocks complain!
Go, seek the mountain's cleft in vain!
But Faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy—the Lord is come!

BISHOP HEBER.

Dies Iræ.

DIES IRÆ. DIES ILLA! Solvet sæclum in favilla, Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus Quando Judex est venturus, Cuncta stricte discussurus! Tuba mirum spargens sonum Per sepulchra regionum, Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura, Quum resurget creatura, Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur, In quo totum continetur, Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit, Quidquid latet, apparebit; Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum, miser! tunc dicturus, Quem patronum rogaturus, Quum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis, Qui salvandos salvas gratis, Salva me, fons pietatis!

Recordare, Jesu pie, Quod sum causa tuæ viæ; Ne me perdas illa die!

Quærens me, sedisti lassus, Redemisti, crucem passus: Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste Judex ultionis, Donum fac remissionis Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco tanquam reus, Culpa rubet vultus meus: Suplicanti parce, Deus l

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Qui Mariam absolvisti, Et latronem exaudisti, Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ; Sed Tu bonus fac benigne Ne perenni cremer igne!

Inter oves locum præsta, Et ab hædis me sequestra, Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis, Flammis acribus addictis, Voca me cum benedictis!

Oro supplex et acclinis, Cor contritum quasi cinis, Gere curam mei finis!

Lacrymosa dies illa! Qua resurget ex favilla Judicandus homo reus; Huic ergo parce, Deus!

THOMAS DE CELANO.

Dies Iræ.

DAY of wrath! That day of mourning Sees our earth to ashes turning;—Such the seer's and sibyl's warning.

Ah! the dread each bosom rending, When the Judge in flame descending, Shall his glance through all be sending? When the trumpet's blast appalling, Midst earth's charneled millions falling, All before the throne is calling!

Death's stern heart what fear surprises, As from dust creation rises To the last and great assizes!

Opened are the awful pages, Where the record of all ages Man's eternal doom presages.

When the Judge shall take his station, Full shall be the revelation, Naught escape his stern probation.

What shall I, poor wretch, be pleading? Ask what patron's interceding, When the righteous help is needing?

King of majesty tremendous, Who dost free salvation send us, Save me, Source of love stupendous!

Think, O Jesus, kind and tender! Why thou leftst thy throne of splendor, Nor to death my soul surrender.

Me thou sought'st with travail sorest; Crown of thorns for me thou worest; Be not vain the toil thou borest.

Righteous Judge of dread decision, Freely grant my sin's remission, Ere the day of inquisition.

Deep my guilty spirit sigheth; Shame my cheek with crimson dyeth; Spare the suppliant when he crieth! Thou who Mary hast acquitted, And the robber's guilt remitted, Thou e'en me hast kindly pitied.

Though my prayers can naught avail me, Yet let not thy goodness fail me, Lest the endless fire assail me.

Midst thy sheep, O Saviour, hide me; From the goats afar divide me; On thy right a place decide me.

When thy wrath the accursed is branding, And to fiercest flames commanding, Let me with the blest be standing.

Lowly bowed in deep submission, Heart like ashes, all contrition, Care, I pray, for my condition.

Ah! that day so sad and tearful! When, from dust arising fearful, Man in judgment stands before thee, Spare the culprit, Lord of glory!

A. C. KENDRICK.

Dies Iræ.

Pay of wrath, that day of burning, Seer and sibyl speak concerning, All the world to ashes turning!

Oh, what fear shall it engender, When the Judge shall come in splendor, Strict to mark and just to render ! Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder, Rending sepulchers asunder, Shall resistless summons thunder.

All aghast then Death shall shiver, And great Nature's frame shall quiver, When the graves their dead deliver.

Book, where actions are recorded, All the ages have afforded, Shall be brought and dooms awarded.

When shall sit the Judge unerring, He'll unfold all here occurring, No just vengeance then deferring.

What shall I say, that time pending? Ask what advocate's befriending, When the just man needs defending?

Dreadful King, all power possessing, Saving freely those confessing, Save thou me, O Fount of Blessing!

Think, O Jesus, for what reason Thou didst bear earth's spite and treason, Nor me lose in that dread season!

Seeking me thy worn feet hasted; On the cross thy soul death tasted,— Let such travail not be wasted!

Righteous Judge of retribution?

Make me gift of absolution

Ere that day of execution!

Culprit-like, I plead, heart-broken, On my cheek shame's crimson token: Let the pardoning word be spoken! Thou, who Mary gav'st remission, Heard'st the dying thief's petition, Cheer'st with hope my lost condition.

Though my prayers be void of merit, What is needful, thou confer it, Lest I endless fire inherit!

Be the Lord, my place decided With thy sheep, from goats divided, Kindly to thy right hand guided!

When the accursed away are driven, To eternal burnings given, Call me with the blessed to heaven!

I beseech thee, prostrate lying, Heart as ashes, contrite, sighing, Care for me when I am dying!

Day of tears and late repentance!
Man shall rise to hear his sentence:
Him, the child of guilt and error,
Spare, Lord, in that hour of terror!
ABRAHAM COLES.

God

From the Russian.

O THOU eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone;
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call God,—and know no more!

GOD. 439

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
Up to thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by thy light, in vain would try
To trace thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence;—Lord, in thee
Eternity had its foundation;—all
Sprung forth from thee:—of light, joy, harmony
Sole Origin:—all life, all beauty thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:

Upheld by thee, by thee inspired with breath!

Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,

And beautifully mingled life and death!

As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,

So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from thee;

And as the spangles in the sunny rays

Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry

Of heaven's bright army glitters in thy praise,

A million torches lighted by thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own thy power, accomplish thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss

What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light— A glorious company of golden streams— Lamps of celestial ether, burning bright— Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams? But thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in thee is lost:—,
What are ten thousand worlds compared to thee?
And what am I then?—Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught! But the effluence of thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth thy spirit shine
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! but I live and on hope's pinions fly,
Eager towards thy presence; for in thee
I live and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
E'en to the throne of thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, thou art!

Direct my understanding then to thee;

Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;

Though but an atom midst immensity,

Still I am something, fashioned by thy hand!

I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,

On the last verge of mortal being stand,

Close to the realms where angels have their birth,

Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to thee—its author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!

Though worthless our conceptions all of thee,
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek thy presence—Being wise and good!
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

Franslated by John Bowring.

GABRIEL ROMANOWITCH DERZHAVIN.

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